

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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WHOLE NO. 68.

The Revolution.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIA- TION.

THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION will hold its Anniversary in New York, at STEINWAY HALL, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12th and 13th, and in Brooklyn, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on Friday, the 14th.

After a century of discussion on the rights of citizens in a republic, and the gradual extension of Suffrage, without property or educational qualifications, to all white men, the thought of the nation has turned for the last thirty years to negroes and women.

And in the enfranchisement of black men by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, the Congress of the United States has now virtually established on this continent an aristocracy of sex; an aristocracy hitherto unknown in the history of nations.

With every type and shade of manhood thus exalted above their heads, there never was a time when all women, rich and poor, white and black, native and foreign, should be so wide awake to the degradation of their position, and so persistent in their demands to be recognized in the government.

Woman's enfranchisement is now a practical question in England and the United States. With bills before Parliament, Congress and all our State Legislatures—with such able champions as John Stuart Mill and George William Curtis, woman need but speak the word to secure her political freedom to-day.

We sincerely hope that in the coming National Anniversary every State and Territory, east and west, north and south, will be represented. We invite delegates, too, from all those countries in the Old World where women are demanding their political rights.

Let there be a grand gathering in the metropolis of the nation, that Republicans and Demo-

crats may alike understand, that with the women of this country lies a political power in the future, that both parties would do well to respect.

The following speakers from the several states are already pledged: Anna E. Dickinson, Frederick Douglass, Mary A. Livermore, Madam Anneke, Lilly Peckham, Phebe Cuzzens, M. H. Brinkerhoff, Olive Logan, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Henry Ward Beecher, Olympia Brown, Robert Purvis, Josephine S. Griffing, Lucy Stone, Ernestine L. Rose, Susan B. Anthony, Theodore Tilton, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Amelia Bloomer, Mrs. Frances McKinley.

LUCRETIA MOTT, President.

Communications and Contributions may be addressed to the Treasurer, John J. Merritt, 131 Williamstreet, New York.

Newspapers friendly, please publish this Call.

THE WOMAN'S BUREAU.

By the 1st of May THE REVOLUTION will be in splendid quarters up-town where women can visit us without climbing up three long flights of stairs, encountering at every turn the smoke and juice of the vile Virginia weed.

Our new office will be found at No. 49 East 23d street, second door from the Academy of Design and directly opposite the Young Men's Christian Association. And will not THE REVOLUTION, staring those young male Christians in the face, be a standing prophecy that the great wheel of time may possibly revoke their recent decision that no DAUGHTER of Eve shall be admitted within their charmed circle?

The "Woman's Bureau" is to be a kind of Woman's Exchange, where the Sorosis, the Suffrage and Working Woman's Associations can hold sweet counsel together, have weekly receptions in the elegantly furnished parlors.

This large four-story brown stone building has just been purchased by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps for the special purpose of establishing HEADQUARTERS for the Woman Movement. Mrs. Phelps is a woman of cultivation, generosity and rare financial ability, who, Mr. Greeley says, never makes a mistake. She intends hereafter to devote her wealth, time and talents to the education, elevation and enfranchisement of her sex. She has long been contemplating some plan to aid woman; and this experiment is but the beginning of what she proposes to do in the no distant future. A few such women, with strong heads and sound hearts could, with united efforts, soon roll back the dark flood tides of poverty, ignorance, and vice that are now sapping the very foundations of our national virtue and strength.

WHO WILL SPEAK!

We shall publish, from time to time, the answers we receive to the many invitations sent out for the coming anniversary, that our readers may know the rich feast in store for them:

50 WEST 36TH STREET, April 7, 1869.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: I am afraid that my presence and voice will add little to your occasion, but if you want either or both of them, I cannot refuse to say my half a word to your audience.

Sincerely yours, O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

As it takes both a man's and woman's thought to make a complete idea we desire your side to be fairly represented.

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

CANTON, Ohio, 4th month 6th, 1869.

DEAR SUSAN B. ANTHONY: Work has run in easy grooves this winter,—not that the travel has not been exhausting, and the roads often wearisome, but that every one in this western world is ablaze with the grand question. Thank God, and hurrah! I feel in both moods.

Furthermore, I am in a doubly delectable condition by reason of having my face set toward home, and beyond, where I am to meet you and all the good people at the Anniversary.

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

NORTH SHORE, Staten Island, April 8, 1869.

MRS. STANTON—My Dear Madam: If I could do all that I should like to do, I should certainly do what you request. But at the time of your Convention I shall necessarily be far away from the city.

Fortunately for the cause, my experience does not teach me that it will lack the best of advocates, even if I am silent. I am, very respectfully, yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

32 WEST 36TH STREET, N. Y., April 7, 1869.

MRS. STANTON—Dear Madam: I thank you for the correction in THE REVOLUTION, and for the invitation to speak at your meeting. For some time past I have declined to speak at anniversaries, preferring the pulpit to the platform. Very respectfully yours,

JOS. P. THOMPSON.

From the Yale Oration, reviewed this week in our columns, we think the platform is just what our friend needs on this question. Women cannot "talk back" to the pulpit.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, April 5, 1869.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: I have in contemplation a trip as far east as Seneca Falls, some time this spring; and since the call for the Convention in May have felt a strong desire to extend the trip to New York. I have been retired from the world so long that it would give me pleasure to see and hear something once more.

Your friend, AMELIA BLOOMER.

Shall be glad to meet our good friend again.

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1869.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: I have yours of the 4th. I am and shall be so overwhelmed with work that I cannot possibly accept your invitation. If I can find time to write you a brief word I will.

Very truly yours, GEO. W. JULIAN.

In offering the 16th amendment to the Federal constitution, Mr. Julian has done the crowning work for republican citizenship. The practical work for the women of this country now to do is to call County Conventions in every state, and create such a public sentiment as that Mr. Julian's amendment may be triumphantly passed at the next session of Congress.

UP BROADWAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh! what a night of horror was that! I told the policeman who took me to the dreadful place that I had a starving infant at home, and my only friend was dying for want of care and medicine. I failed to make the east impression upon the stony-hearted man."

"Come along, now; step up lively; might as well save your gab," were the only replies he vouchsafed me. Once I tried to run away from him, but he grasped my wrist with his iron hand until I cried out with pain, and then laughed heartily at my suffering. Did you ever," and her dark eyes sought mine wistfully, "see the inside of a station-house of an evening? I realized by my own wretchedness before this, the fearful amount of suffering there must be in the world, but this experience shut and bolted a door in my soul that I do not believe will ever be opened again in this world or the next. It hardened me. Talk about hell," she continued, rising and pacing the floor as these terrible memories again assumed life and shape. "New York City is full of purgatories, and the station-houses are not among the least of them. About ten o'clock a pleasant-faced policeman came in, and looked around at the strange crowd, it seemed to me, with an expression which had some humanity in it, if not pity. I beckoned for him to come to me, and I told him my trouble."

"Then you really took the loaf of bread?" he asked.

"Oh, yes sir," I replied. "I took it because I had no money to pay for it, and we were all starving."

"Poor child," he said, musingly. "Give me your number and I'll stop there as I go down, and take them something to eat. It is not likely that the Dutchman will appear against you in the morning, and you'll get home in pretty good season;" and then he went out and returned in a moment with a piece of gingerbread, which I can tell you I was very thankful for. 'Now,' said he, 'I will be at your house in ten minutes and will make it all right with the old woman and baby.' Oh, I hope, she continued, tears rolling down her cheeks, that I shall sometime have it in my power to repay that policeman! or at least let him know how heartily I appreciated his kindness. Oh, my friend, such men are few and far between. I thought it would never be morning, and then it seemed to me I should never be called to court, but after a while fifteen or twenty women were placed in marching order, and I one of the number, arrested for taking a loaf of bread, which I could neither beg nor purchase. As the policeman had hinted, no accuser came, and about eleven o'clock I was dismissed. It did seem to me that I should never live to reach home, short as the distance was. My baby lay on the bed by the side of the old woman. A porringer containing some milk, with which the good old soul had fed the little one, with some crumbs of bread, were also beside her. My baby laughed and held up her tiny hands as I entered, and in my gladness to find that all was well with the darling, I pressed her a moment to my heart without bestowing so much as a glance at the motionless figure of my friend! Oh, my dear madam, when I did look, I thought I should have fallen dead to the floor! There lay the only friend I had on earth, her hand even then

clutching the spoon with which she had kept the breath of life in my baby, her eyes stony and wide open, and not one trace of life visible on her features; her hands were cold and rigid. Death must have come to her very gently two or three hours previous. I called for assistance, and after a while got together two or three friends of the old woman's who arranged everything in decency and in order. This paralyzed me. I was like one walking in a dream. Whatever I did was performed mechanically. The funeral was over, the body consigned to the dirt of Potter's Field, the few little articles of furniture sold to pay expenses, and I found myself once more, with my infant in my arms, without a friend and without a dollar. Several families offered me washing, but they objected to the baby. I knew it was useless to attempt that sort of work, as I had never done a day's washing in my life, and, of course, I could never give satisfaction. I walked around for two days, calling at different houses trying to obtain a chambermaid's situation, but no one wanted an unrecommended female, with a helpless little one. Well, night came again. I was tired and hungry, and had arrived where I cared very little what happened to me. I begged. No one noticed me, and finally decided to jump into the river. I turned out of Broadway into Cortlandt street, and a block down met a handsomely dressed woman, who very kindly stopped at my call. She listened to my story, and told me to follow her, and she would put me in the way of earning my own living and a good one. I knew what she meant, but I didn't care. There was nothing (this I solemnly swear) between that and a double crime—suicide and murder. This was the only thing, my friend, God had left for me to do, and I accepted it gladly. There now, don't shudder so," as a convulsive tremor passed over me.

"Hunger and cold and death are wonderfully strong provocations to this description of sin. I accepted it gladly, because there was nothing else under heaven I could do to save my own and my child's life, and hundreds of women are yearly driven to prostitution and the wages of sin for the same reason. Well, I went home with the stranger, found everything in splendid style, a large drawing-room elegantly furnished, and all the apparent paraphernalia of wealth. My baby was given into the hands of a nurse, and the mistress of the establishment superintended my toilet. I can tell you I was dazzlingly arrayed and well fed. I was draped in the costliest of silks and the fleeciest of laces. Diamonds sparkled from my neck and fingers, and as I gazed at myself in the full length mirror I wondered at my own beauty. I saw the woman pour a drop or two of some white liquid into the fragrant coffee, but I didn't know what it was, and didn't care. Oh, how my cheeks burned and eyes glowed after that meal. Had I been sipping nectar from the ambrosial fount, or suddenly transported into some tropical clime, where everything was love and beauty, I could not have experienced more ecstatic sensations. I was taken to the parlors and formally introduced as Miss Belle Hosmer. I played the piano, danced, sung and coquettled, and was of course the feature of the evening. It is no use to go on. The next morning found me sorrowful and conscience-stricken, and unable to look into the innocent eyes of my baby. But my virtue was gone. I had sold it for something to eat and a shelter. It was too late to retract, and what if I did? There was nothing else in life for me. From that time to this

weary, heart-sick, cursing my existence, I have practiced this dreadful business, but never once, so help me Heaven, because it afforded me pleasure. Now, you have it all, and I suppose realize how useless it will be to think of such a thing as reformation. I am so grateful to you for your kindness and sympathy—but—but!"

"No buts in the case," I replied cheerfully. "Now let me talk."

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"AUNT MILLY," A VIRGINIA SLAVE.

I HAVE very recently become a subscriber and attentive reader of THE REVOLUTION. I am a Virginian; and the prevailing prejudice against Abolitionists was inculcated in me from infancy. I don't think I really understood anything about it, and merely joined in the general hatred of those who desired to interfere with our institutions, without giving the subject an earnest thought.

A year or two before the war, while on a visit to some friends in New York, the then much agitated question of slavery, was presented to my mind more forcibly than ever before. I returned to Virginia, not feeling quite so secure in my mind as to the right of holding our fellow-men in bondage. As Miss Anthony wishes those who send contributions, to condense as much as possible, I will be as brief as I can in what I wish to say.

I have been reading Anna Dickinson's book, and it has suggested a new train of thought to my mind. I have heard many in speaking of it, say that it is very much overdrawn; that it is impossible to find among the African race an answering image to her ideal negro. I who have been brought up among them (and probably know as much if not more of them, than those who spend their time in writing about them), could mention many who are worthy of being the subject of even Miss Dickinson's pen. I will only speak of one, whom I was in almost daily intercourse with for a period of fifteen years.

Aunt Milly was the much-loved nurse of a very dear friend of mine. She was brought up with her grandmother, and was nurse successively to her mother and herself.

Some of the most pleasing recollections of my childhood are connected with Aunt Milly, or Mammy as I called her. R—and I were inseparable companions. We lived in adjoining houses, and at home or at school we were always together. The most enjoyed portion of the day was that part spent together in Mammy's room. She was nearly seventy years of age and no service being required of her, she staid the greater part of her time in her room, knitting stockings, which she sold, placing the money carefully away. At that time I did not know what for, but found out afterwards. Her room was always as clean as it could be, and she herself was the very pink of neatness. Her head was as white as snow, and her eyes were large, dark and mournful. She always wore a patient, resigned look, and yet was always cheerful. My earliest religious impressions were received from her. I never saw her equal in Scripture knowledge. She always had a text ready for any occasion. She had very little of the superstition which generally characterizes her race and was a simple-minded, pure-hearted Christian in every sense of the word. She could neither

read nor write, but her memory was something remarkable. She never forgot anything, and her mistress used to say that "Mammy's memory was as good as the family record."

I recollect, when quite a small child, being guilty of some fault, and they could not make me acknowledge that I was sorry. It was nearly dark when I went into Aunt Milly's room. (I always carried my troubles to her.) She was sitting in her rocking chair, and as soon as she saw me with the angry, defiant look in my eyes, she took me up in her arms and commenced singing to me in a low soft tone, passing her hand caressingly over my hair. In a few moments the rebellious heart was melted, and bursting into tears, I ran home to be forgiven. I could go on indefinitely talking of Aunt Milly, of all her gentle, loving qualities, but I must hasten on. The reason that I send this to you is, that Aunt Milly was in her humble way a strong Woman's Rights woman. My friend's mother (her mistress) was a gentle, timid creature, very much tyrannized over by her husband. Often have I seen Mammy's eyes flash and her bosom heave with suppressed feeling at some exhibition of his peity tyranny. When R— and I were just entering womanhood, she would often say, "Honey, don't you neber go and git married, not as long as things are as they are now. You will be a wuss slave than a corn-field nigger if you do. Take an old woman's advice, honey, and let de men alone, you will be all de better for it. Look at Miss Mary now. All de property belongs to her. Marse'r John didn't habe de fust red cent when she married him, and now she can't habe a word to say about de management of her own house. I tell you what, honey, dare is something wrong in de laws ob de land, which gibe all de power to de man, and none to de woman." Poor Milly had never heard of Mrs. Stanton or Miss Anthony, or perhaps she would have had some hope that things might have been different in time. As it was, she used to shake her head sadly and say: "Dere is some hope for de nigger, for he can sabe money and buy hisself, if he don't git free no oder way; but you, honey, I don't see no way clear, you will be a slave all your life." When the war broke out, Milly foresaw the end from the commencement. "Yes, chile, we shall all be free, but I shan't see it in de body, I am going home to glory soon. If I could see my Alix before I go I would habe nothing more to wish for." Alix was her son, who was sold away from her when he was a small child. She had never heard from him and knew not whether he was alive or dead. But for thirty years she had been waiting and watching for news of him which never came. She used to say, "I don't blame anybody, honey, but if ole Missus could habe had her own way, my poor little Alix would neber habe been sold. He belonged to her and ole Marse had no right to separate us, but de law gabe him de power and he used it." When the war broke out, she took her little hoard of money, which amounted to over one hundred dollars, and gave it to R—'s uncle, who was a strong Union man, and who was coming north to join the federal army. "Take it, Marse Jimmie, and use it to help on de good cause, I was saving it to buy my poor boy's freedom, if I eber found him. But if living, he will be free without my help, and if dead, I will soon meet him. Aunt Milly was right, she did not live to see the ending of the great struggle. She died in the summer of 1863. Her mistress had preceded her to the grave some months before. Aunt Milly did not seem to have any disease.

She passed away as easily and quietly as a child going to sleep. The morning of the day on which she died R— and I had been with her some time, talking and reading to her from the Bible. When we started to leave her she called us back, and taking a hand of each in her own, she said, "God bless you, my children, you have been very kind to de ole slave, and rest assured He will not forget it." Late in the afternoon we went in to see her again. We found her sitting in her chair, as we first thought, asleep, but it was the sleep that knows no awakening. Her gentle, pure spirit had passed away to that land of rest which she had been preparing for, so many years. No rude hands were permitted to touch our hallowed dead. It was a work of love for R— and I, with the assistance of an old colored woman, to prepare her for her last resting place. With earnest, heartfelt tears, we, together with a large concourse of colored friends, for she was much loved among her people, followed her to the grave and laid her reverently at the feet of the mistress she loved so well in life.

I know not whether you will give this a place in your paper. It is a humble story, whose only merit is its truth. Aunt Milly was a noble, self-sacrificing, suffering woman, who doubtless has her counterpart in many of her despised race. I felt while reading "What Answer," that I would like to pay this little tribute to the memory of one I loved so well. She has gone where there is no more sorrow and trouble; but there are many of her people left in the land, struggling against the many difficulties that beset their pathway. The tide of "public opinion" is against their every effort to rise above their present position. If this succeeds in removing the prejudice from the mind of one person, I am more than repaid.

M. T. C.

REASONS WHY SOME MARRIAGES ARE UNHAPPY

NO. II.

WHEN the heartless old kite-flyer, Dr. Franklin, went to Europe, he left his wife behind, and did not see her face for eleven years. She had shared his poverty, practised his Poor Richard maxims, pinched and economised. But the splendor of a court was not for her. To what extent he afterwards suffered for this injustice, I do not know, for his family history is not familiar. But that he was punished, is certain, for he quarreled with, and disinherited one of his sons.

Those whose memories go back a quarter of a century, can recall in one of our Western cities the superb form and Jupiter Ammon head crowned with locks snowy as winter's, of one whose disciples loved to call the Father of Medicine in the West. Nor was he a mere provincial celebrity. Beside being absolute monarch of his own section, with Rush, he was an authority in European scientific circles. No man of his day, except certain orators, drank so deeply of the wine of contemporary applause. Stately and erect he stood as a palm tree, with the palm tree's crown of glory. Surely one would think that out of such magnificent prosperity, he might have endowed at least, one fellow-creature, and that one his wife, out of his own excess of gifts and happiness. Not so. He was a superb animal, but a moral monster. Fire was in his eye, frost in his heart. He bartered that goodly person for an ill-favored Philadelphia heiress, and unlike Disraeli, he did not retain a lively gratitude for the pecuniary service. H

contrived to make his benefactor utterly wretched, gave the morbid, self-distrustful woman over to jealous torments. Jealousy! That is a strong word, of fearful meaning. I think it is called among the seven deadly sins. But Jehovah from Sinai, thundered it forth as one of his own terrible attributes—"I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God;" and Paul pleads with the voluptuous Corinthians, "Would to God ye could bear with me in my folly. For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy." It is useless to say that the poor wife was to blame for her own misery. Here was a place for that much neglected virtue of unselfishness. He did not love her. One accent of the Holy Ghost would have dispelled her agonies. Perfect love casteth out fear.

A few years of tempestuous grief, and a son was born to the ill-starred pair, as naturally as if they adored romantically. Pity it is so, but Nature perpetuates our hates as well as our loves. Then a separation, the wife going back to her native city in a state of mind bordering on distraction. Was this all? No, the end was not yet.

Do you believe in the indestructibility of material force? Believe it also of spiritual essences. Without end are the imponderable vibrations of personal influence. Would that the evil we do might perish with us. But down to the crack of doom, will be heard a mournful sigh from our children's children because of the guilt we bequeathed them. I seem to hear Stuart Mill say, "as if the interests of children were everything, those of grown persons nothing." Yes, I repeat, everything; as the whole mass of human misery to the solitary woe which can hide itself in the grave.

Better had it been for that son, if a clap of thunder had stilled his pulses forever, ere he was born. He grew up, seared, blasted with the birth mark of jealousy. With his mother's fatal passion for beauty,—alas! alas! he married a radiant young woman, as silly and unamiable as she was beautiful. The worst scenes of his mother's life were repeated in his own. With the despair of a lost soul, he threw himself into evil courses, believing that he was forbidden to taste the heavenly calm of lawful love.

It may be some consolation to those who follow the workings of Providence to know that the beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical, in her turn suffered the pangs of unrequited passion, and found her Nemesis in a brutal husband, who was wont to assert his feudal authority with a cowhide on her ivory shoulders, and in more riotous moments, would pitch her like a falling star, down a flight of stairs. Talk not of Tartarus,—of Ixion and Tantalus! Her expiation was worthy of the Inferno.

Swedenborg, seeking to verify the Divine side of Christ's nature, says that the internal man is derived from the Father, the external from the Mother. By the light of such facts as these, I think he proves himself, in that speculation at least, but a dreamer; a guesser at truth; —not even a careful observer of human nature.

Bascom, Methodist Bishop, orator, and satellite of Clay, kinged it over his not too fastidious flock about the time that Maffitt, another reverend Tommy Moore, was singing hymns and kissing the sisters. We read his sermons now, and wonder that even an excitable Methodist Conventicle could mistake such frothy declamation for eloquence. If Maffitt was a tinkling cymbal, he was sounding brass. While yet unspoiled by the pettings of a popular priest, he was the

affianced lover of a woman of genius, tender and impassioned as Heloise.

Let us pause here, and Charlotte Bronte, that searcher of hearts, shall tell the poor return of faithful love.

"Yorke, if Mary had loved you silently, chastely, yet fervently, as a man would wish his wife to love, would you have left her?"

"Robert!" He lifted his arm, held it suspended and paused. "Robert, this is a queer world, and men are made of the queerest drags that chaos ever churned up in her ferment. I might swear sounding oaths; oaths that would make the poachers think a bittern was booming in Bilberry Moss—that in the case you put, death only should have parted me and Mary. But I have lived in the world fifty-five years, and been forced to study human nature. To speak dark truths, the odds are, if Mary had loved, not scorned me, if I had been certain of her constancy, irritated by no doubts, stung by no humiliations, the odds are,"—he let his hand fall heavily on the saddle tow,—"the odds are I should have left her!"

Bascom forsook his love. The vulgar call it jilting. She, more fortunate than she dreamed, resigned herself to a gentle, nun-like melancholy. She was poor. He married a woman of wealth. Sin enough, one would think, for a single lifetime. Now he, whose profession was the cure of souls, led this one, given to his keeping, straight into the gates of hell. He neglected, taunted, dishonored her to a final separation. She had brought him some money,—how much I do not know. By the rigors of household economy, she cherished his fortunes, little reckoning that by every dollar saved, she but hastened her own downfall.

"Keen were her pangs, but keener still to feel,
She nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

Did I not say that every wrong returns to plague its inventors? Death dealing was the rebound. As if to mock at the hypocrite and religionist who ruined her, she dedicated herself and his children to the wildest excesses of amalgamation.

People often ask, with a kind of stupid wonder, why the wives of Thackeray and Bulwer are prone to the disagreeable freaks of madness. "How strange, said Bean Nash, that rivers always run by great cities!" When Lady Bulwer began to notice her husband's growing disgust, it was not with the philosophical calmness of Leverrier noting the perturbations of Neptune, or Herschel watching the progress of a solar eclipse, and tabulating the variations of the needle. Poor thing! She could not make telescopic observations on a tossing sea. She only saw with black despair, that the husband of her love, was forever lost and to all appearances went mad. "Insane?" they asked, "Yes, crazy as a loon. The very sight of her husband sets her raving. She met him on the hustings and publicly denounced him. Crazy people, you know, always hate their dearest friends." Not an indubitable proof of insanity, to my mind, at least. These things will not be in Heaven,

"Where the great are but the good,
And the mind of man shall prove
Weaker than the heart of love."

The Roman jurisprudence professed unbending sternness in the matter of divorce, but it bound only the innocent. Mark Antony made it a dead letter when Fulvia's watchful jealousy bored him. Institutions change, as the fashion of men's garments, but men remain the same. Artful Bathsheba, sinning in the very jaws of bloody Leviticus, and Lady Hamilton playing

mermaid in the showman's washtub, are the same actors with the scenes shifted. The intolerance of Popery, produces antithetical effects in Ireland and Italy. Why? It is not the religion, but the race. The instinct of one is monogamy, and preternatural abstinence under centuries of starvation;—the other is of license.

Let laws loose or bind. It matters little to the sick soul, that has staked its all for love, and lost. The letter kills,—the spirit quickens. Can fifty thousand francs alimony pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow? An earnest nature is not content with the show of love. Therefore the proud integrity of Miss Milbanke made it impossible for her to abide in hollow wedlock with her lord, after she discovered the love letters in his writing desk; and Mr. Wortley seems to have settled on a basis of polite estrangement from his wife, after the first pang of conscious alienation was over.

Who ever heard the story of Crebillon's English wife, without tears? Crebillon, the gay, as he loved to call himself, the dissolute, the genius, and the darling who wrote plays to suit the taste of Louis XV., with the inconsistent fastidiousness of a voluptuary, wooed and won this tender and high-strung woman among a purer race, than Gallia's painted dames. To her he seems to have given the best devotion his shallow nature afforded. Suddenly, in the height of his prosperity, Pompadour summoned to her palace the author of those scandalous plays which had so delighted her. Her beauty and fascination were omnipotent in those base days, for they commanded the post of power next that of the King,—his mistress. So Crebillon kissed his wife, a shade or two paler under a mortal struggle, and hied to Marly in a flutter of gratified vanity. He saw Pompadour, but his gentle wife he never saw more. Knowing his heart, its deeps and shallows, better, perhaps, than he knew it, she left a letter full of piteous supplication for pardon, and fled heart-broken from the shadow of a coming evil, into strange lands, where search of his could never find her.

"So let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play;
For some must work, while others sleep,
So runs the world away."

Men and women marry from three distinct motives. A few obeying the subtle attraction of spiritual difference, love each other for eternity. Far more are drawn together by the attraction of physical difference, and that is for time. But observe in either case, the principle of contrariety obtains, sometimes hidden, sometimes apparent. The world is regulated by the combination of opposing forces. In the magnetism of love, one party is the ♀ and the other party the ♂ pole, and they mutually attract, the grave to the gay, the lively to the severe, the brief to the long drawn out, the fair to the swarthy. "A light wife doth make a heavy husband." There is a love terrestrial and a love celestial. There is one beauty of the earth and another of the stars; a beauty of rounded lines and fresh colors, and a subjective beauty, which fadeth not away. Blessed are they who love for that alone. Alas for the love which hangs on the spectral beauty of flesh. Doth corruption inherit incorruption? But see what an element of the permanent, like myrrh and frankincense, pervaded the union of Therese and Vincent Wallace. She, better than all others, could catch the inspiration of his melancholy compositions, and interpret them to the world with her nimble fingers.

There is still another class, a low order of unfortunates, who obey no principle of contrast,

fleshy or spiritual. In marrying, they violate every law of their temperament, blindly perhaps, as the pagan sins, who knows not Christ, but none the less must they suffer. Sometimes it is from mere proximity, a gravitation of inert masses, without one soulful or passional impulse, sometimes the tyranny of circumstance, or the baser attraction of money. Woe! woe! to the victims of such a marriage. Hardest of all fates is her's, who steps aside to woo the man of her choice. Paradox hunters have discovered from manuscript letters, that the widow Beauharnais pursued General Bonaparte with unseemly ardor. If this be true, bitterly did she rue her victory. How often have we heard some sprawling fellow, half jest, half earnest, taunt his wife with too much activity in their courtship! The loveliest cheek I ever knew, grew pallid under this coarse reminiscence, the beautiful features convulsed under a spasm of inward pain, and then flushed up with the mute agony of a wounded fish.

Let a woman beware who does this, lest she break her heart against a heart of stone. Let her be nerved to run the race of life, panting and breathless, and lag not, at her peril, one inch behind her mate, while he strides on in seven league boots. She can have no rest from ceaseless endeavor. She must ask no quarter, nor make her moan, and plead the narrowing tendencies of her daily avocation. She will grow dull; let her run and read. She will grow ugly. Old crones say, with every child, a woman loses a tooth. She must whirl off children, as sun's do young planets, and still roll on in her course, with glory undiminished.

Poor tortoise! how I pity thee, who hast taken a whole world on thy shoulders. It is the saddest, but most heroic sight I ever knew!

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

MANCHESTER, March, 1869.

As a preliminary to a statement of our present position on the question of Women's Franchise, and an explanation of the situation in which we find ourselves with regard to it, now that the new Parliament is fairly at work, I must show you what "stops the way" at present:

DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE IRISH CHURCH.

Monday, the 1st of March, will long be memorable in Parliamentary annals for one of the most notable speeches made in this century. Mr. Gladstone's clear and masterly exposition of the plan he proposes for the disestablishment of the Irish Church will make, that date, an era in the history of legislation. The measure—simple act of equity though it be—is admitted to be without a precedent. "I do not know," said Mr. Gladstone, "any country where so great a transition has been proposed by means of peaceful legislation. The day has come when an end must be finally put to the union between this establishment and the state, which was commenced under circumstances little auspicious and which has conducted only to bring forth fruits of unhappiness to Ireland and scorn to England." The measure proposed, though stringent and decisive, is well considered, carefully sketched out, and all its details provided for with a due regard to existing interests. After propounding it, in a terse and effective speech of about three hours, Mr. Gladstone concluded in these words:

It is not only a great measure, it is a testing measure,

it is a measure which will show to one and all of us what little we are made of. (Cheers.) Upon all of us it brings great responsibility, first and foremost upon those who occupy this bench. We are deeply chargeable and deeply guilty—have either dishonestly or prematurely challenged so gigantic an issue. I know well the punishment which is due to rash politicians, and which ought to follow men who, with minds unequal to the task, attempt to guide the chariot of the sun; but the responsibility, though heavy, does not exclusively press upon us; it presses upon every man who takes a part in the discussion and the decision of this question; every man who approaches this discussion is under the most solemn obligation to raise the level of his vision and to expand his soul to the greatness of this principle. The working of our constitution is now on its trial. I do not believe there ever was a time when the wheels of legislative machinery were set in motion under conditions of peace, order, and constitutional regularity to deal with the question so proposed, and more especially the credit and fame of this assembly are involved. This House is now called to address itself to a task which would have demanded the best energies of the best of our fathers, and ancestors. I believe it will prove itself worthy of the task. Should it fail, even the fame of this assembly will suffer disparagement; should it succeed, its fame will receive no small addition. (Cheers.) I must not ask hon. gentlemen opposite to concur in these sentiments. Grateful as I feel to them for the patience and courtesy with which they have heard statements in which they do not concur. I must not ask them to agree with me; but I do ask them to credit me and the colleagues who are with me when I say that we are sanguine of the issue. We know the controversy is near its end, and for my part I may say I am deeply convinced that when the day of final consummation shall send forth the words that give the force of law to this work of peace and justice, these words will be echoed from every shore where the names of Ireland and Great Britain are known, and the answer will come back in the approving verdict of civilized mankind. (Loud cheers.)

OUR PRESENT WORK FOR WOMEN SUFFRAGE.

I have alluded to Mr. Gladstone's skilful and elaborate scheme and given you this "splendid oration" to his speech, not for the sake of the rhetoric, nor yet in the advocacy of "justice to Ireland," which you do not need from me, but in order that you may fully apprehend the difficulties which beset us at present in the attempt to bring forward a bill for the Enfranchisement of Women. We have not abandoned the project, though the appropriate time for it is not yet apparent. Fully believing, as we do, that no political question has a more "gigantic issue" than this of Equal Rights, we are yet assured that mankind (including woman kind), generally, are still far from regarding it in this light. "The human race," to use an expression of John Stuart Mill, "is not sufficiently advanced," is in too puerile a state, to fully apprehend this question of Women's Rights, or Women's Duties, for the terms are correlative, and its almost infinite issues are social, political, and religious progress. But this does not make our work the less imperative. It rather increases its urgent necessity. The diffusion of information, the awakening of thought, and the strengthening of conviction, on the subject, must be our constant object. A vast structure like this, which aims at the shelter and protection of the whole human family, cannot be raised by one impulsive effort. Stone by stone, it must be built up, through perhaps years of toil. But let not our hearts fail us, although the builders who are now

Working in these walls of Time

reject the stones we offer, they shall yet be counted among the chief "corner-stones" in the great world-home which we seek to make on earth as it is in the heaven of our ideal. Our faith fails not, but for the present, while the attention of the legislature is so completely preoccupied, the advocates of Women's Suffrage are chiefly engaged in the work of petitioning; in public lectures; and in the diffusion of in-

formation by means of the press and the post-office. Several petitions have already been presented to Parliament and above a hundred are in course of signature, in different parts of the country. Miss Emily Faithfull has repeated her lecture on the "*Claims of Women*" in various other towns, and is to deliver it again in London. Professor Newman's lecture in Bristol on the *Suffrage for Women* is to be published. Miss Becker's lecture at Rochdale on the *Right of Women to Representation in the House of Commons* is to be repeated at Leeds and Newcastle, and probably other towns also.

THE WOMAN QUESTION ON THE CONTINENT.

The first number of the *Journal des Femmes*, or the *Women's Paper*, was published on the 1st of this month at Paris and Geneva. M. A. Bouyon and Mme. Goegg are the editors. The motto is taken from M. Jules Favre's Inaugural Lecture at the French Academy, delivered last year, to which I alluded in a former letter. It may be translated thus:

Manners will never attain to their true elevation in French Society until woman exercises the legitimate influence to which her noble qualities entitle her, and is associated with man in works of the mind, in freedom of thought and in patriotic feeling.

The following is almost a literal translation of the "platform" of this new contemporary:

THE WOMEN'S NEWSPAPER OF POLITICS, SOCIAL ECONOMY, ART, AND LITERATURE.

Three leading ideas, three distinct, but accordant objects are aimed at in the establishment of the Women's journal.

I. *To impart instruction to women*, by showing them in what their true dignity consists, by causing them to reflect on numerous subjects of importance to which hitherto they have given very little thought, by arousing them to the study and to the delights of intellectual life, we shall diffuse amongst women the benefits which instruction imparts.

II. *The amelioration of the position of women in social, civil, and political life*. The ignorance of women is not the only abuse we have to contend with. We must recognize the fact that the laws have conducted to make women what they are, and that to labor at elevating their intelligence without at the same time assuring them of the free exercise of it, would be to cause them to feel, still more keenly, their unfortunate position. In giving to woman the place which belongs to her by nature, in securing to her the noble independence of a reasonable and free being, responsible to no one for her actions, in procuring for her the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, under just laws, and in awakening in her feelings of self-respect, we shall put an end to some, at least, of the miseries and disabilities under which hundreds of thousands of children of both sexes are the victims.

III. *Our object will be to band together and to strengthen the ties of family life*. We are convinced that home-life will be infinitely happier and more respected when men and women receive an equal share of instruction, influence, authority, and deference. Children brought up by an intelligent and enlightened mother will receive from the cradle, as they rarely do now, principles which will ensure their morality and their happiness in after life; the wisdom and the blessings of the family life will be reflected upon society, and thus we shall attain, by degrees, to that state of social well-being which every upright heart desires.

Among the letters of adhesion to the *Journal des Femmes*, Mme. Goegg gives one from Louis Blanc, dated from Brighton, in which he declares his hearty sympathy with the cause and highly commends the work, adding, that though too much occupied at present to take a part in it, he will be happy to do so at some future time.

M. Paul Minke, after promising the aid of his pen to the new journal, concludes in the following words:

I am with you, because to enfranchise women, to instruct them, through the practice of their rights and their duties, to strengthen and elevate them to their true dignity, is to assist in no small measure, the progress of humanity.

But the best letter is from Maria Desraismes, written at the bedside of her beloved mother to whom she was devoting herself, and whose death, eight days later, is recorded in the Obituary. At present she is only able to give an outline of her views. After eagerly welcoming the journal, she says: "It is time to enlighten the minds of the people on this subject; to cause them to see that the enfranchisement of women is not only a generalization of the principles of right and justice, but that it is an indispensable condition of social development. Humanity is deprived of half its powers by the laws which assert the inferiority of women. In thus leaving forces and faculties unemployed, it is maimed and walks as it were upon one foot. The feminine intellect has not hitherto contributed its share to the common good, because it has never been fully developed. No human laws ought to counteract the great natural law by which every being aspires to a complete moral and physical expansion and maturity. In walking alone on the path of intellect, man has marred and weakened all his achievements; for every human work, whether religious, philosophical, political, or social, to be complete, must be the combined produce of the two elements of our nature. It is because the equality of the sexes belongs to an advanced stage of civilization that it is so fiercely contested." Mlle. Desraismes then glances rapidly at the progress of this movement in Germany, England, Sweden and other countries of Europe. "With regard to America, it is well known that she has led the way. Russia, also, sets the example by granting to women the degree of Dr. of Medicine."

Mme. Goegg has an article on the progress of the Woman question in different countries, in which honorable mention is made of several American women, of *THE REVOLUTION* and its proprietor and lady editor.

There is a notice of a Co-operative Society in Paris for promoting women's industry in the working class. This Association proposes to form technical schools for young girls, to form workshops where women should have a direct share in the profits, and to found stores and shops on an equitable basis for all those who are engaged in them.

MISS SMEDLEY'S POEMS.

A volume of "Poems," by Menella Bute Smedley, has just appeared. One of the pieces is a drama called "Lady Grace." It is a play of modern life, like so many that we have had of late years, such as Mr. Robertson's *Caste*, which found so much favor with the public. But Miss Smedley's play, while not unsuited to the theatre, has a much higher tone of morality, a more truly artistic standard and real poetical merit. I give you one short specimen of this new poetess:

Is it no crime
To drop your days, like nutshells, having swallowed
All that was good in them? They should be seeds,
Which only fall to grow. Is it no crime
Merely to be a man that you may show
The slightness and the poverty of life?
When life in a man's hand is such a sword
To cleave the dark assailants of our souls;
Such a slow weaving of collected flowers
Into a deathless garland; such a clasp
Between this world and that which lies beyond
Making both one?

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S PROPERTY BILL.

The bill which is endorsed by Mr. Russell Gurney, M.P., Mr. Headlow, M.P., and Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., is to be read a second time in the House of Commons next month.

It proposes many important changes in the law. Married women are declared by it capable of holding property, of contracting, of suing and being sued precisely as single women are, and they will be competent to hold property coming into their possession after marriage precisely as if they were still single. The reform in the law which this bill will effect is very important to the working classes, and this fact has attained many adherents for it since last session. We have now good hope of its becoming law. Petitions are being sent up from all parts of the kingdom to support the second reading of the bill.

I am, very truly yours, R. M.

LETTER FROM GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

THAT INFAMOUS FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT—THE HOLY CONGRESSIONAL TRINITY—WILL THE COMING WOMAN DOCTOR WRITE HER PILL PAPERS IN LATIN?—STEP-MOTHERS DEFENDED, AND MOTHERS-IN-LAW PROTECTED—WOMAN SELF-RELIANT WHEN THE BREECHING SNAPS—MAN CANNOT KEEP SECRETS, WOMAN CAN—RESTELL'S INHUMANITY TO BABIES—THE PROTESTANT STREAM OF LIFE FLOWING OUT AS THE CATHOLIC RIVER FLOWS IN.

STUMPING NEW ENGLAND, April, 1869.

THE CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Train, are you still in London? asked Henry J. Raymond at Morley's some years ago. No, I am never still anywhere. Thus flows the uneven tenor of my way. To-night, my lecture in my charge of the Six Hundred.

CONGRESS SLAMMING THE DOOR IN THE FACE OF THE WOMEN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 26, 1869.

George Francis Train, Esq., on the Stump in Rhode Island:

Have you noticed the peculiar working of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution? In section first it says: "All persons, born or naturalized, in the United States are citizens." This, of course, includes women. And further, that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." How, then, can the rights, privileges and immunities of female citizens of the United States be abridged by the several States? Are you doing anything to test this question before the courts?

The fifteenth amendment is, however, worded, expressly, so that women may be denied the right to vote; and by not using the word "nativity," it still continues to enslave the adopted citizens in Rhode Island. Truly yours, CHARLES E. GORMAN.

STOP THAT INFAMOUS FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

Of course you are right. It is two-faced and double-barreled. It hits both birds. It kills woman and wounds the Irish in the State of Sprague. The word *nativity* was put in to shut out the Chinese, but it applies as well to the foreign born Celt or Teuton. The bill is a farce. Like the appointment of Stewart against the law of 1789, or Boutwell getting a law to discount interest on debt when a bill was signed to that effect in 1864. The Congress of lawyers are terribly confused. A merchant would discharge a clerk for such stupid blundering, but Congress is no longer our servant, but our master. Citizens, watch the dead-lock between House, Senate and President. The new Trinity at Washington is the Devil, his Imps and the holy Congressional Jackass!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE WOMEN DOCTORS.

The graduates, ten in number, occupied the seat in front of the rostrum. Their names are as follows: Mrs. Maria J. Cushing, of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah M. Harrah, of Iowa; Miss Rebecca P. Page, of New York;

Miss Sophia Penfield, of Connecticut; Mrs. Charlotte L. Lozier, of Winona, Minn.; Miss Sarah E. Furnas, of Troy, Miami County, Ohio; Mrs. C. LeBeau, of New York; Sarah A. Ferguson, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Bella C. Barrows, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Sarah J. Safford, of Cairo, Ill.; and Miss Elizabeth S. Adame, of New York. The ages of these ladies varied from twenty-two to thirty years, and all had the appearance of being healthful and vigorous, both physically and mentally.

Hurrah for our side—this is real progress. *Don't write prescriptions in Latin.* By-and-by, women dentists, women surgeons, women merchants, women bankers. Why not, as well as women actors, authors, lecturers, painters and sculptors? *In ten years from now, there will be a thousand Turkish baths in America, all managed by women, who will never need a diploma, never give medicine, and never lose a patient.* That is *Revolution.*

WHY CANNOT MAN KEEP A SECRET?

Another outrage uprooted. Men say women can't keep a secret. It is just the reverse—women can, men can't. Women carry with them to their graves secrets that would kill any man. Woman never tells; man always does. Woman suffers and dies; man blabs and lives. Man cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple secret. *Be ye fruitful.*

Who ever heard a woman talk about her love fiascos? Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his illicit conquests; woman would cut out her tongue first. Men are coarse in their club room talk; women refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard a woman tell of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of the men? Men boast; women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always babbling. So down with another old adage. *Women can keep a secret.*

ONE MURDER MAKES A VILLAIN—MILLIONS A RESTELL.

Why don't our clergymen preach it down? Let the Bible slide for a few Sundays and preach down the terrible vice of infanticide. We must stop Restellism or become Catholics. Our race is dying out. Let us have more practical religion, and less theoretical theology.

WOMEN ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN THE BREECHING BREAKS.

When the ice cracks—the house burns—the steamer explodes—the horses run away—the women generally have more sense than men. E. C. S. illustrates that in her story of the child that swallowed a bullet. The mother held him by the heels, head downwards, and out popped the bullet. *The head of the family* would have let the infant choke to death. Women in such cases are quick-witted, men are stupid. For instance, when a man and woman are accidentally caught *hooking sugar* out of the sugar-bowl, the man is confused, stammers—the woman will tell you that she was getting it for the children. No woman President would have delivered a Free Trade Inaugural in a manufacturing country, and appointed two-sevenths of her Cabinet from one little state! Is there a woman in America that would not have shown more tact than Andrew Johnson?

A KIND WORD FOR STEP-MOTHERS.

Why is it that we never hear anything but some infernal sneer for step-mothers? Are step-fathers any better? Does the paternal ever show any more interest in the child than the maternal? This is only another of the ingenious insults that men have invented to insult

women. There are as many kind step-mothers as stepfathers, and more. Their lot is a hard one—the prejudice of ages is against them. The children of their husbands become antagonistic, because society has so organized its hypocrisy they have to meet its requirements. Most step-mothers are as kind and womanly as the real mother—but why not say something about step-fathers? Why always attack the women? There is no chivalry in man—his flattery is selfish—his praise is poison. His attentions are not always honorable. He never compliments woman on her virtue, courage, or talent, but always on her beauty or dress—an insult of itself. *Three cheers for step-mothers.*

A KIND WORD FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

I never had any—and never gave any. There was orphanage on both sides of my married life. But why is it that we never hear anything about fathers-in-law? The cross mother-in-law, but nothing of the father. It is only a part of the old system of insulting a woman—of sneering at the sex. The time has arrived to emancipate mothers-in-law from the serfdom of ages. Nine times out of ten they are better than fathers-in-law. Poor, much-abused, long-suffering mother-in-law, give me your hand? I am your friend.

THAT GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

DEAR MR. TRAIN: Acting upon your suggestion, I invited a few ladies to meet here to talk over the Woman question—finding that we knew little or nothing in relation to it, we resolved to meet weekly to inform ourselves fully on the subject. We propose taking up all the works we can get on the absorbing questions of the day, commencing with "*Mrs. Farnham's Era of Woman*"—then "*Mrs. Dall's Woman's Right to Labor*," etc. Can you tell us of any other work which will enlighten us, and help us to be better, wiser, nobler women?

I have sent four (4) subscriptions for *THE REVOLUTION*. We shall always read that in our meetings with interest, and hope we shall forward more subscriptions before long. You have waked up the dull brain of Derby. I hope you will keep it awake! *

THE BEST YET.

OTTUMWA, Kansas, March 29th, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I have something pleasant to tell you. Our little village held a school meeting on the 25th of this month, and notwithstanding several hours rain had made the roads very muddy and slippery, quite a number of citizens, including several ladies, attended the meeting.

It being the day appointed for the election of school officers, considerable interest was manifested by a majority of those in attendance. Groups of men, seated near the school room, and the adjacent wood pile, were busily engaged in making out tickets for their favorite candidates. The issues involved in the election were various: there was some strife between different denominations, and also between copperheads and Unionists; but the most important issues was "Woman Suffrage," which was victorious; the Board selected being composed entirely of ladies.

I am of opinion that our little village will soon free itself from this discreditable prejudice, that is wont to intrude itself when the practicability of true and just principles is being agitated for the purpose of improving the condition of our country by securing their adoption. We have many advocates of "Woman's Suffrage" who are doing good service up and down this beautiful valley. Our motto is, *Human liberty, unfettered by sex.*

CECIL HAVERTON.

MISS KATE FIELD AS LECTURER.

THE Bostonians are loud in praise of Miss Field as a public lecturer. Possibly they may be a little penitent for their disposal of Olive Logan some months ago, and so manifest their better nature the more cheerfully and demonstratively on that account. One of them writes a long and glowing account of her and her performance to the Springfield *Republican*; but undoubtedly doing her no more than justice, to the following purpose :

But her best plea for Woman's Right to talk in public was in the assertion that genius has sex—despite Madame de Staél's dictum to the contrary. Perhaps she borrows her idea from Tennyson when she says that the "difference in equality" between men and women's thoughts is what we must have, but the idea is certainly a good one. "Men," she says, "have only given us the profile views of subjects. Now, an' artist will tell you that no two sides of any face are exactly alike; we have had the profile view long enough; now let us have the other side, the full face; gaze into tell-tale eyes and get at the soul of things." And here the gallant Boston public very properly applauded. Then followed a succession of witty descriptions of the trouble woman had to gain a living in the literal professions, of the scanty pay given to literature, of the false gods the literature must worship to gain his or her daily bread. "Virtue is its own reward, say the copy books; and they are about right." "Though literature is the divinest of lovers, it is the cruelest of masters." "The beautiful is always expensive." "Woman's qualifications to lecture were fully illustrated from historic precedent and from analysis of feminine nature." "To Eve's persuasive pleading we owe all knowledge. Eve was the first lecturer." "The canticle of Deborah preceded Homer by thirteen centuries." As to women's voices for public speaking she thought they might develop qualities yet unknown, when women ceased to go about looking like trussed fowls, when "to murder language by swallowing it whole, would not be considered a sign of true womanliness." I don't know what prompted Miss Field to give that unfortunate Southern lady who wrote, "Beulah" and "St. Elmo," such a sarcastic criticism. Poor Edna Earl, the heroine of St Elmo, was shown up as an impossible character in very witty phrases.

OUR OWN GRACE DARLING.

A PROVIDENCE letter speaks thus of Ida Lewis who lately rescued two men from drowning in a storm in Newport harbor:

Miss Ida Lewis has again distinguished herself by rescuing two men from drowning. We cannot recollect just now how many she has saved from watery graves, but we think the number is not less than a dozen. Her father is keeper of the Lime Rock light house, located near Fort Adams. Having been almost a helpless invalid for a number of years past, the labor indispensable to keeping the light in proper order has devolved upon his wife, who has found an able assistant in her daughter Ida. The latter jumps into her boat almost daily, regardless of what the weather may be, and, with a pair of oars, propels it to Newport, a distance of one-and-a-half miles, in an incredibly short space of time. She has been "brought up on the water," as it were, and can manage a boat better than nine out of ten of the male sex. In fact, she claims that she can row a boat faster than any man in Newport, and we are inclined to believe her, having witnessed her management of one on several occasions. Ida is about twenty-three years of age, tall and slender, but possessed of unusual courage and endurance. She never hears the voice of distress, night or day, without jumping into her little craft and proceeding to the scene of trouble. She has encountered great perils in the prosecution of her humanitarian offices, but her great tact and coolness have always been equal to the emergency. It is a pity, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," that no testimonial has ever been given to the lady for the many lives she has saved. Certainly, no one has ever more deserved a public recognition for distinguished services.

If the principle on which we founded our Government is true, that taxation must not be without representation, and if women hold property and are taxed, it follows that women should be represented in the State by their votes.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe!

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

At the late Commencement of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, 126 Second ave., N. Y., Dr. Emily Blackwell read an able report, from which we copy the following extract, as published in the *World*, the only N. Y. journal that faithfully reports the sayings and doings of their fair countrywomen. She said :

We have met this evening to celebrate the closing of the first winter's existence of the Medical College of the New York Infirmary. This close of the session marked so peculiarly a step forward in the career of the institution, that its friends had taken advantage of the occasion to bring it again before the public, in order that its claims may be better known and a new effort made to increase its support. Thirteen years ago, application was first made to the citizens of New York for aid in building up a hospital school in connection with the infirmary. Fifteen years ago this effort was represented by a very few women, but it was felt then that it was the beginning of the entrance of a large number of women into an entirely new field of labor. For the training of women for this work there was no provision in any existing school, and then began the struggle to obtain the means to fit the workers for the work that they desired to engage in. The New York Infirmary was the first hospital in this country formed by woman—the first institution by means of which they entered on the work of treating the sick. The teachings of the lecture-room and the experiences of the sick-room are separated by a chasm that nothing but experience can bridge over; and hence the necessity for this movement. Two hundred and fifty patients were treated in the first year of the existence of the infirmary, and seventy-two hundred in the last. Altogether more than 70,000 patients have been attended to. That was sufficient evidence of the work done by the women of the infirmary. Fifth avenue knows very little of them, but First avenue and Avenue A know a great deal of them. There is hardly a tenement-house within a mile of the Infirmary whose inhabitants could not tell a great deal of the doings of the "doctor ladies."

Referring to the special features of the Woman's Medical College, the speaker remarked that great attention was given to the subject of hygiene—to the teaching of the prevention as well as the cure of the disease—in the hope that medical science will at some future time expand into the science of healthy life. Medicine in its narrow sense, as the science of the curing of disease, must become hygiene in the largest sense—as the science of the securing and maintenance of perfect health.

To sum up, concluded Dr. Blackwell, besides the objects which we desire to accomplish by all our arrangements, we hope to teach our students in their own department the meaning of two words which we believe to be of vital importance to women at the present time—the meaning of the word *work* and the meaning of the word *health*; work, understood not as a drudgery, with no future end or hope, beyond the bare keeping of soul and body together in a condition where they had almost better part, nor as an elegant pretence to conceal the fact that the so-called worker is an ornament instead of an essential part of human society; but in its true sense, the devotion to an occupation good in itself, and calling out all the intelligence and energy of the worker, as the means by which she acquires herself of her obligations to society; the pursuit which gives an end to her activity and a color and character to her individual position, and of which liberal and sufficient remuneration is an essential and acknowledged, but not the highest or most valued result. Health, considered not in its negative sense as the absence of actual sickness, but as a positive possession—that fund of physical power which should belong to every grown person as a capital to expend in the active duties of life—as that perfect bodily condition which should make the occupations of a woman, whether domestic or social, the welcome outlets for her activity instead of burdens under which she breaks prematurely, or which she carries through life with the painful consciousness that they are too heavy for her—such health as has never yet been the possession of the mass of mankind, but is a conquest yet to be achieved by them, for themselves and their descendants.

George W. Curtis followed Dr. Blackwell with a most thrilling and eloquent appeal for the right of woman to do whatever she could do well.

It is foolish to say that the advocates of the "Woman Movement" demand "special legislation" for women; or

desire to array her in hostility to man. It is the enemies of this movement who have made special legislation necessary, since they declare woman not to be the equal of man. We desire nothing but the common law, alike for each, with woman holding the ballot—not as the enemy, but as the peer and friend of man.—Anna E. Dickinson.

WOMAN AS FARMER.—It makes no difference what is demanded of woman, she is always equal to the emergency. The Cedar Rapids *Times* claims the championship for a young girl, "sweet sixteen," of Linn County, Iowa, as follows: "For six weeks last winter, during the sickness of her father and mother, she attended forty-eight head of sheep, eight head of horses, twelve head of cattle, and two calves, besides milking three cows, driving the cattle one-quarter of a mile every day to water, cleaning the horses' stable, doing the housework and taking care of her sick parents." Western New York has or had women doing that same for years, and so have other states. They didn't wait till father was ill. Still, all honor to the brave little Iowan.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE REVOLUTION.—A few copies of 1868, handsomely bound, can be had on application at the office. Price: five dollars each.

CAN MAN DO BETTER?—The famous Monthyon Prize of Virtue, it is said, will this year be bestowed in France upon a young governess, who, with astonishing self-abnegation, supported out of her scanty wages and the proceeds of her nocturnal toils, as a writer for the press, a stepmother, who, during her childhood, had treated her with extreme cruelty. The report of the committee which awards the Monthyon Prize of Virtue said in regard to this remarkable young lady: "Such an example of self-abnegation has never before been brought to our notice, and never before have we recommended a candidate for the reward of Virtue, with more heart-felt satisfaction and profound emotion, than this angelic creature."

We hear much said of the value of the "franchise of a freeman." But why should Franchise belong to Francis more than to Frances, when the three words Francis, Francis, and Franchise are etymologically the same, and should be practically so—all signifying simply, ignorant ruffian, and Fanny may have the mental calibre and culture of Margaret Fuller, or the self-devoted energy of Dorothea Dix; yet it will make no difference. The man must count as one in the state, the woman counts zero; a ratio, as mathematicians agree, of infinite inferiority. * * * Among the Anglo-Saxon race generally, the entire system of laws in regard to woman is at this moment so utterly wrong, that Lord Brougham is reported to have declared it useless to attempt to amend it; "there must be a total reconstruction before a woman can have any justice."—T. Wentworth Higginson.

I BELIEVE that the great vices in our large cities will never be conquered until the ballot is put in the hands of women. If the question of the danger of their sons being drawn away into drinking saloons, was brought up, if the mothers had the power, they would close them; if the sisters had the power, and they saw their brothers going away to haunts of infamy, they would close those places. You may get men to trifle with purity, with virtue, with righteousness; but I thank God that the hearts of the women of our land—the mothers, wives, and daughters—are too pure to make a compromise either with intemperance or licentiousness.—Bishop Simpson, M. E. Church.

IN America, woman has no political rights, is not a citizen in full; she has no voice in making or administering the laws, none in electing the rulers or administrators. But any man with conscience enough to keep out of jail, mind enough to escape the poor-house, and body enough to drop his ballot into the box, is a voter. He may have no character, no money; that is no matter, he is a voter. But the noblest woman has no voice in the State. Men make laws disposing of her property, her person, her children—still she must bear it.—Rev. Theodore Parker.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, } Editors.
PARKER PILLSBURY, }

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1869.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—HOW TO SEND MONEY.—For large sums, checks on New York banks or bankers, made payable to the order of Susan B. Anthony.

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REV. JOSEPH THOMPSON ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

In this country, to vote is to participate directly in the power of governing. I maintain that the right to vote must rest upon ability to discharge the duties of citizenship in the service of society as a civil organization. This is the only logical foundation upon which the right of suffrage can be based. To enter political life argues capacity for civil duty; capacity to serve the state in the jury-box, in the police, in the camp, in the battle-field, in port-surveys, and defenses, in the revenue-service, in a routine of official duties that suffer no intermission; and woman cannot do this, cannot trust herself to undertake the service for which she is physically incapacitated, cannot be trusted with it with safety to the commonwealth. Witness, for instance, the protracted and exhausting session of the Senate upon the impeachment of the President! If she would fulfill the sacred functions of her nature, she cannot accept the responsibilities of the public service, for the divine laws of physiology, and the divine constitution of the family, as the perpetual source of human society, can never be set aside. Either the vast majority of women must become wives and mothers, or society and the state must cease to be. But while woman shall continue to fulfill for society that most serviceable, most honorable, and most sacred office of Maternity, which is hers by divine right, her very nature must forbid her employment in the public service of the state.

"The elements of sovereignty," says Blackstone, "are wisdom, goodness, and power." If power, representing physical force, is supposed to belong to man alone, no one will deny that the two remaining elements are found in the higher orders of American women. If the question were put to the people to-day, will you be governed by "wisdom and goodness" or brute force, they would readily choose the former, and thus secure a far better government than we can boast to-day. The right to vote in a republican government rests on the fact of citizenship. If a person must bear the burdens and perform the duties of a citizen, that person is clearly entitled to the rights, privileges and immunities of a citizen. The right to vote does not involve the ability to discharge the highest duties of citizenship, or to hold office. The pauper votes, the sick man may go in his carriage to vote, yet neither could fill any of the posts referred to in the above extract.

The qualifications in the several states for voters and office-holders differ widely. The ig-

norant foreigner, who can neither read nor write, votes, yet he is incapable of filling any office under government. No man under a certain age can be President, Chief-Judge, Senator, yet all men vote at twenty-one. Many American women are capable of filling all the higher offices under government who might not be fit to serve the state in the capacity of sailors or soldiers. There are many who could better represent the American government at the Court of St. James than the present incumbent, who would be wholly unfit for metropolitan police and surveyors of the ports. Men vote, yet they choose their calling, and are not compelled to hold office unless they desire it. The enfranchisement of women would not end a wise division of labor, or essentially change our present employments. Clergymen vote, yet they are exempt from all civil and political duties, in fact it is considered a degradation for them, too, to have ought to do with the state. They are never summoned as jurors, or drafted as soldiers. As to woman's ability, she has done everything above-mentioned, except impeach the President, and that, man failed to do without her. Women have led armies, piloted ships around the globe, governed nations, fought on the battle-field, and ministered to suffering men in camp and hospital. The women of this country did as much towards the triumph of the late war as the men did. The one who binds up the wound as nobly serves the state as the one who makes it. They who nurse and train up the soldiers do as much for the service of the state as they who draft them.

As to the exhaustion of Congressional and Judicial duties, so long as women sit in the prisoner's box throughout a trial, they could, with equal ease and far more profit, sit on the judge's bench, or in the juror's box. So long as they can watch sick men through a three-months' fever, night and day, and take twelve children through red gum, sprue, jaundice, chicken-pox, mumps, measles, whooping-cough, shingles, hives, scarlet fever and fits, with no pecuniary consideration, they could easily serve the state sitting in an easy chair at the capitol to say aye, or no, at twenty dollars a day.

As to the maternity question, most women cease bearing children at forty years of age, leaving a period of twenty years or more to devote to the state. A very large number of women, both married and unmarried, never have any children, hence we need to make provision for the exercise of some of the many other "sacred functions" of their being. Moreover, when woman understands the "divine laws of physiology," and "the divine constitution of the family," she will not be the physically incapacitated toy or drudge she is to-day. Maternity will then be to her a period of added health and happiness. She will be more proud of the quality of her children than the numbers. She will no longer consent to suckle fools and hand down vice, disease and crime to the third and fourth generation. The sacred office of paternity is a question with which men would do well to concern themselves, for in the higher civilization we are now entering, with the new light and knowledge dawning on woman, the fitness of most men for that holy office will be as gravely considered as is woman's capacity to-day for serving the state.

It is a vital question for every wise man to consider, in reconstructing our government, whether a nation can have a stable foundation, if one half the people, differing essentially from the other half in their organization, in

tastes, affections, hopes and fears, are to be wholly governed by those who can never understand or represent them.

Whether men and women are alike or unlike, there are sound arguments in either alternative for individual representation.

If they are alike, the same reasons that are urged by men for self-government apply to women also. If they are unlike, by what power can man discern the wants and needs of woman? His legislation for her has already proved his incapacity to do so. But Dr. Thompson asserts the point of unlikeness, and says:

The equality of the sexes is not sameness of endowments and adaptations, but equality with *differentia*. The attributes of sex belong to the soul as well as to the body, so that in their intellectual and spiritual natures, much as they possess in common, the man and the woman are also the complement each of other.

Here is the key-note of this whole question. If they are complements each of the other, man is but half a complete being, with but half an idea on every subject, and yet he has undertaken to govern the world according to his fragmentary ideas, never dreaming that woman's thought, everywhere, was necessary to his success. Need any one wonder at the disorganization of the state, the church and the home under a dynasty so incomplete and one-sided?

Man might as well hope to perfect a being, as a government or a thought, without the aid of woman. Our false customs and philosophies, our unjust laws, gloomy theologies and social abominations call loudly for the revivifying influences of the mother, and in every department of science and life.

As there is just that physical difference in the sexes necessary to the preservation of the race, so there is just that spiritual difference necessary to the vitalizing of thought, hence in the elevation and enfranchisement of woman, I see the growth and development of the grand ideas enunciated by man in the ages hitherto cold, barren, and speculative, because not met by the faith and enthusiasm of woman—but when she, too, shall wake to the poetry of science, philosophy, and government, then will the first note of harmony be touched, then will the great organ of humanity be played on all its keys, with every stop rightly adjusted, and with louder, loftier strains the march of civilization will be immeasurably quickened.

In the isolation of the sexes in the world of thought, we have degraded the whole relation of man and woman into a mere sensuous animalism, so that every man who writes on this question views it only from the standpoint of physical sex, and dwells on the one function of maternity, as if that swallowed up every other moral and spiritual power. Womanhood is with us the primal consideration, wifehood and motherhood but incidents. With the higher view of sex, expressed by Dr. Thompson, in the above extract, we wonder that he does not demand woman's voice in the church and the state, as well as the home, that with Tennyson he does not see the need of

Two heads in council,
Two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two plummets dropped to sound the abyss,
Of science and the mind

But strange to say, he does not. After asserting this great primal truth of sex in mind, now recognized by the leading thinkers on both continents, and destined to usher in a higher and purer civilization, he throws the logical conclusions of his premises to the winds and argues

from the old standpoint of custom, prejudice, and mere physical sex. He says :

It is assumed that woman will bring to the polls a soothing element and improve the moral results of elections. On the contrary, her greater intensity of feeling for persons would bring a keener acrimony into our political campaigns. We cannot forget how the women of the South incited the rebellion and inflamed its hatred and atrocity ; nor that woman produced the worst monstrosities of the French Revolution ; nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that in great cities the *Bridgets* would roll up the great majorities of the demagogues, and that Washington would have its Maintenons and Pompadours to add their intrigues to its political corruptions. The history of church elections in which Abbesses had a voice, is a warning here. But the calamity to be shunned is that men, ceasing to respect and honor women in their prerogative of influence, shall fear or court them as an element of numerical power !—for when the spirit of chivalry with its generous loyalty to sex is gone, the glory of the republic will be extinguished for ever.

Does Dr. Thompson mean to say that women are worse than men, or that an interest in national affairs at once transforms a woman from an angel to a devil ? Such a type of woman as these to whom he refers could never be "a soothing element" in the *home* either ; would he, therefore, banish all women from the fire-side ?

Because the Pompadours and the Maintenons and the women of the French Revolution used their "prerogatives of influence" unwisely, shall virtuous, educated, humane women be denied the direct power of the ballot, in the establishment of great principles of justice and mercy ?

I do not like these invidious references we constantly hear to the women of the South. They nobly stood by their brave men, believing their side just, as we did by ours, and their deeds of self-sacrifice and devotion were worthy a better cause. I believe if the mothers of the north and south could have had a voice in the late rebellion, the bones of our sires and sons would not, to-day, lie bleaching on every southern plain. Woman knows the cost of life better than man does, and not with her consent would one drop of blood ever be shed, one life sacrificed in vain.

As to the *Bridgets*, I know they would come down from the garrets and up from the cellars, from the dens of wretchedness and poverty, with their bruised heads, and bleeding hearts, and vote rum-holes, gambling-saloons, and brothels an abomination.

While the pages of history, here and there, are blackened with records of cruel, unprincipled women, yet we know that the feminine element represents love, mercy, purity and peace, and, in freedom, would manifest these virtues, and not, as now, under a dynasty of force, simply reflect the sterner characteristics of the male sex.

As to the Abbesses, if it were possible for woman to inaugurate anything more horrible, and soul-sickening, than the gloomy creeds and cruel persecutions and inquisitions that have marked the history of the church under the man power, God help the race ! Did Abbesses vote the rack, the stake, the thumb-screw ? The history of the race under this dynasty of brute force is a dark, sad picture of horrors, cruelty and injustice. Man has forfeited all right to our confidence in his power to govern wisely alone.

As to the "glory of the republic," the natural feeling of chivalry in man for woman fortunately does not depend on constitutions, statutes-laws, or ballot-boxes ; it existed before governments were, and will continue when governments shall be no more. Man's respect for woman is always in exact proportion to her in-

dependence of him. When she can represent her own opinions at the ballot-box he will value them much more than when she depends on him to do it for her. But Dr. Thompson thinks it would not only endanger the state, but degrade man, if woman should have a voice in the laws. He says :

Even if the ballot could raise woman politically, the nation cannot afford so to *degrade its men* by divesting them of the sentiments of delicacy, of honor, of loyalty—in a word, of chivalry, and arraying the sexes in the contest of numbers. Woman cannot hope to act for herself in public life and still receive the honorable consideration now accorded to the delicacy of her sex. She must choose between the two ; and if she shall elect the latter, she will inevitably find that in what direction soever she forces herself outside the sphere of delicate and chivalrous regard into the contention of labor and of numbers, she is taking a step toward her own degradation. If she can brave the the opprobrium, society cannot risk the consequences.

We find, the world over, that men are elevated, just as woman stands on an equal platform with themselves. What would the men of this nation be if the women could neither read nor write ; if they wore iron shoes and masks, and lived in harems ? This is just the argument of the Turk and the Chinaman—that the less men see of women, the less they know of them, the more chivalry they feel towards them. What is the "honorable consideration now accorded ?" It is not found in the above extracts ; it is not found in the marriage ceremony as generally administered ; it is not found in our laws and constitutions, where we are ranked with idiots, lunatics and criminals, and compelled to pay taxes and the penalty of our crimes, though denied the powers and privileges of citizenship. No chivalrous gentleman ever steps forth to satisfy the law and hang on the gallows in woman's stead, or to meet the hungry tax-collectors in her behalf, or to open the college doors where she has long been kneeling in vain. \$1,500 worth of a clergyman's property is exempt from taxation, but a poor widow who owns a small house and lot has no such "honorable consideration now accorded." The next journey the Rev. gentleman takes, let him buy an insurance ticket for himself and wife, he will find that while he can get the worth of his money, if not safely delivered at the point of destination, that his wife "is insured against death only." Eggs, blown glass, and women cannot be insured against accident—one of "the honorable considerations now accorded."

I think all sensible women would risk "the opprobrium" of fair play, everywhere, and that society can risk the consequences of securing equality and justice to all who support the state. It is evident that Dr. Thompson, in the consideration of this question, adopts the common opinion, that every woman is supplied with a strong arm on which to lean until she is safe the other side of Jordan. He says :

But if woman, disdaining her loyal defender, shall enter the lists to contend with man by sheer force of numbers, clamoring for rights, he will say to her, "Stand upon your own strength and fight your own battles, expecting neither loyalty nor chivalry from me.

This is what man has practically said from the beginning. Would that every woman had a noble, brave man to fight the battle of life for her, that she could live in the clouds and devote herself to music, poetry, and painting, secure from the temptations of poverty and want. But, alas ! we are on the earth, and must work or sell ourselves for bread, or die. Our "loyal defenders" are all looking out for themselves ; they legislate our property and wages into their own pockets ; they fill all the offices of profit and honor : they grind us to powder in the

world of work ; they betray the young and trusting, trifle with love, degrade motherhood, and, when stripped of virtue, beauty, hope, cast out like withered flowers to die, they taunt us with the loyalty and chivalry of man towards woman in dependence.

Woman has tried this 6,000 years ; now, let us try equality and independence ; let every girl be educated to use her own hands and brain, to take care of herself. She cannot be in a worse condition than she is, the world over, to-day. We should like, in spite of all the Dr.'s forebodings, to try the experiment of legislating for ourselves, and see what will come of it.

But far be it from us to disdain our "loyal defenders." Every man in this age who has uttered one grand word for woman, or done one noble deed, will have his full meed of praise, the heart-felt gratitude of the women of his day and generation ! We honor John Stuart Mill, Jules Fevre, and our own Beecher, Curtis, Phillips, and Julian, and are ready to trust the wisdom of men like these, when they tell us that the ballot is the Columbiad of our political life, and every citizen who has it is a full-armed monitor.

E. C. S.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WAGES.

CARLYLE says, a man willing to work and unable to find work, is the saddest sight that Fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun. Burns sets it to sadder music, thus bewailing him,

"Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,"

and has "his poor petition spurned," after all !

But how when the petitioner is a woman ? a mother of babes ; a widow ; or possibly worse than widow, a thousand times, of whom there are myriads ?

Much is said, written, printed of woman's work and wages. And stupid men ask, why not dwell on this theme altogether, and mend the matter, instead of talking forever about Woman's Suffrage ? And no form of answer, argument nor illustration can ding it into such skulls that the surest way to remedy the work and wages evil, is to get hold of the ballot for woman, just as everybody admits that man must to secure him.

When men are asked to do justice to woman, they often, not always, answer "Chivalry," and think they not only answer fully the demand, but put woman under everlasting obligation to them. As though chivalry were a pair of old hen's wings under which the poor chicks may ever flee for protection. Chivalry is an outrage and insult to woman, and always was. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were not its burlesque, but the most worthy and becoming interpreters of it in all history. It belonged to barbarian times. It professed a dawdling respect for princesses and noble ladies, but had no more regard for womanhood, as such, than for the preferences of birds and beasts. Every monarch's palace, the castle of every lord, was a seraglio, as really as the harems of Turkey, or the court of King Solomon, though never probably so plentifully stocked with beauties, frail, but fair. Kings and barons claimed the right, and often exercised it, of enjoying the brides of their noblest subjects, the first night after marriage.

This country, too, boasts its "Chivalry," or did before it was burned up in the flaming fire of the late war. We hear little of it since. Virginia was never tired of ringing changes on the hateful word. And the northern states

bowed to the obscene claim, as devoutly as to the inspirations of apostles and prophets. And Virginia's respect for woman was as a breeder of slave stock for the southern market, until more than half its revenue was from that monstrous and unnatural commerce. Chivalry enslaved even princess and lady, in its palmiest period. It is, and ever was, a sublime blasphemy against the holy spirit of virtuous womanhood, not to be forgiven, but to be abhorred and consigned to infamy. It was a deceiver in its very beginning. Nor has it ever been born again, or made better.

Gallantry and simpering politeness are no substitutes for justice and right. They are not even mercy, nor charity. Woman is suspected of having somewhere in her keeping, an immortal soul to which belong solemn responsibilities. Man can boast no more, in his best estate. Some slight differences there are between men and women as to avoidipoise, stature, density of muscle and bone, but what are all these, as reasons or foundations for differences in rights or privileges, when the great, eternal soul to which all responsibility belongs, is the same in woman and man alike? kindled and continued by the same Almighty breath, held to the same divine authority, linked to the same eternal destiny?

The difference between man and woman in governments and in society is at last, one of brute force. It is the oppression of the weak by the strong. And so when justice is asked the answer is, *gallantry, politeness, attentions*; when rights are demanded the response is, *Chivalry*, and that answers the claim. But it is not so settled. Woman asks for bread and receives a stone; for a fish, and is tendered serpents and scorpions. When she demands equal pay for equal work, while receiving less than half, she is told, "there are so many of you that the supply exceeds the demand!" When she asks that more avenues to business, in all its variety, be opened for her, she is met by the crushing but chivalric cry, "how unwomanly, how unladylike, to wish to do the work of a man!" And thus the whole question is determined to the satisfaction of perhaps a vast majority of the men and women of the nation. And man is ever the master.

Man seems to know woman only as minister to his pleasure and passion. Society is both regulated and governed by a few. And in no nation by fewer than in this. Senator Sprague was surely right when, in offering a petition for Woman Suffrage lately, he said there could be no harm in granting the prayer since the legal voters in the country really had little or nothing to do with the government. And the *working women* are least of all, in any Christian community known. The beauties that roll in gorgeous carriages along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington and Fifth Avenue in New York are the recognized women of the country (ladies, they are called), and their admirers and devotees are the law makers of the land. The history of thousands of years past is but the record of a few men and still fewer women. And a most disgraceful record it is generally for both. So to-day, a few names are spoken and only a few. Not many of them will be remembered, and very few with honor. And yet, as has been said, "we are, as a nation, thirty million souls." Not bodies, but immortal souls. And as the royal Hebrew mourned, "no man cared for my soul," so might most of these millions, who are women. Women are starving to-day in the streets of New York, and every day; but what says the pulpit about it? What cares the pulpit?

Such a question need not be asked the politician? Still less need we stop the gilded coaches in Central Park to ask of beauty, wealth and fashion a question so impolite, so impudent! And yet in these three classes are the lawgivers and the gospel believers and expounders of the day. They enact every civil statute, establish and regulate every social law and custom, and frame, fashion and enforce all the religious faiths. And their statute-book benefits the rich only; their social order dresses and distinguishes them, no matter how vile (and surely most of them are very vile), and their religion builds temples so costly and magnificent that the poor, who have not where to lay their head, dare not enter them; must be thrust out if they do enter, naked and barefooted as so many are. All the wealth of the twelve Apostles, and their Master included, would not have paid perhaps for one pew in a fashionable New York church. And being of Asiatic, proscribed complexion, not one of them, not even the Master himself, would be permitted to occupy it, did some rich Joseph of Arimathea purchase it for him. So holy and pure are our most eminent Christians, and thus just and virtuous the makers of the laws.

And these are they who pay such prices as the following to the lowlier classes, who do the world's real work:

For heavy cloth pantaloons, lined, finished, and pressed (shop work), 18 to 24 cents a pair. For linen coats with three pockets and six button-holes, \$1 a dozen, 8 cents each. For shirts, best quality, \$1 50 a dozen. For shirts, second quality, (retailing at \$2 each) \$1 25 a dozen. For shirts, third quality, 75 cents a dozen. For fancy flannel shirts, lapel on breast, turn-over collar, cuffs, gussets, button-holes, 6 cents each. For "jumpers" (blue over-shirts) ending at waist in a band, with long sleeves, 50 cents a dozen. Not only this, but in many cases, says the *Hearth and Home*, the women who make the coats are required to dampen them in starch water and iron them without extra pay, and with the understanding that no coat will be accepted which is not glossy and well pressed!..... "I took in two dozen last Tuesday," said one weary-eyed woman, "and bad a neighbor in to help. But both of us, working steady all day and half the night, just as hard as we could tear, finished the lot by Friday evening. It was a hard earning of a dollar and a half, ma'am, to divide between two—and both of us widders; but we're thankful to get it for all that. There's a many a one wantin' work as can't get any."

God does take care for oxen? Not a sparrow is beneath His notice, but do church, pulpit, government, social codes and customs care for these? Where is the evidence? Forty years ago, the Abolitionists, another apostleship in direct succession from those of the day of Pentecost (and about the same number, twelve), branded American slavery as sin and demanded its extermination. Government, religion, trade, commerce, wealth, fashion blasted them as "pestilent fellows, incendiaries, fanatics, infidels." But that form of oppression is ended, and the same religion is proclaimed now in behalf of poverty and starvation in the streets and cities of the land. And the same classes of leaders and rulers in state and church are starving the poor again, as remorselessly as ever. It was in view of just the scenes now witnessed on every hand, that an old colored woman cried out of her miseries to an avowed atheist, "if there be no hereafter where does justice dwell?" It was in the cause of the similarly crushed and bleeding in France, that Robespierre thundered in the Committee of Safety, "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent His existence!"

P. P.

STIRRING UP THE HORNETS.—Senator Sprague
It has meaning.

THE REVOLUTION.

On the first of May THE REVOLUTION will change its base of operations, from 37 Park Row to 49 East 23d street. By a notice in another column it will be seen that a spacious house has been purchased in that most eligible and pleasant part of the city, and converted into a Woman's Bureau for general and special operations in her behalf. The Proprietor of THE REVOLUTION has secured most commodious rooms for its future use, and in a very few days will respectfully desire all her friends, correspondents, and patrons, to observe the new address and be governed accordingly. The new office will be only a few minutes walk or ride (by 4th Avenue) from Steinway Hall, and the anniversary, on the 12th and 13th, will afford good opportunity for strangers in attendance to make its acquaintance.

SANE AND SENSIBLE CHRISTIANS.

THE religious anniversaries proper have been latterly smothered entirely out of sight and hearing by the Free Lovers, Battle-Axers, Mormons, Spiritualists, Woman's Rightsers, Anti-Hanging Bogus Philanthropists, Infidels, Abolitionists, Movement Curers, Magnetisers, Universal Peace Fanatics, and we know not who else. All the isms and crochety visions, and snares and delusions of monomania and bigotry have been spread every May as a religious feast, until the good and worthy people who represent real churches and actual scriptural doctrine, and who are sane and sensible Christians, and nothing else, have become disgusted.

Thus speaks the New York *Express*, a wide-awake, business-like democratic journal at the other end of Park Row. Who are its "sane and sensible Christians," and just what are its "real churches," it does not designate, but the editors, it is said, belong to the Episcopal church, which claims to be the only real, true church, and holds moreover that all the Protestant sects are but heretical interlopers. The Roman Catholics hold them the same, and include the Episcopalians with them as damnable heretics altogether. The Jewish church draws the circle larger still, and shuts up the whole of Christendom as Gentiles and heathen, knowing nothing of the true God as they ought to know, and believing in a false Christ and a false priesthood and a system of worship no better than paganism. And so they wrap it up. Included in the proscribed circle of the *Express* are several classes surely not belonging to any of the religious organizations thus specified. Some of them are only imaginary, while others have, or have had, a real, vital existence, and have made their doctrines known and their power felt in this nation, as did none ever before in a hundred centuries.

As democrats, what have the editors of the *Express* to say against giving liberty and equality to every intelligent, loyal man and woman in the nation? and securing that liberty by right of suffrage? As Episcopalians, what do they say now of those "sane and sensible Christians" and "real churches," who, while the abolitionists for thirty years were proclaiming liberty to the captives, and warning the nation to put away slavery before it should go down before the just judgments of Heaven, denounced the abolitionists as fanatics, fools, infidels, and declared slavery divine, instituted in heaven, sanctioned by the Bible and approved by God? It is not remarkable that "these good and wise"

thy people who have become disgusted," these "sane and sensible christians" have discontinued their anniversaries, now that it is revealed to all the world who were the true prophets and who the false! For it is now seen not only that they are not of use, but that most of them never have been of use. Far otherwise, indeed! They have promulgated a religion, the most of them, that has been of downright loss and harm to all who have embraced it. They have connived at the horrible sin of slavery. In many instances they have directly, openly, boldly, shamelessly committed the sin. The church and society have been known to hold and to traffic in slaves, as parish property. Slave holding missionaries have been sent to the heathen. Slaves have not only been worked and their earnings given by their masters to the missionary cause, but they have been sold and the price of their bodies, bones, sinews, souls, has been thus devoted. Even the crucifiers of the Son of God would not put the thirty pieces of silver into the treasury of the Lord, "because they said it is the price of blood!" The government drove the Creek, Cherokee and Choctaw Indians to the dark woods beyond the Mississippi and the churches sent them missionaries, who taught them a slave-breeding and slave-holding religion. No Indian in his native wilds, *unblest* with the white man's civilization and religion, ever held his fellow-man a slave. But he soon learned. And when the rebellion kindled its fires in the interest of slavery, these Indians were with the first and foremost to take the field, tomahawk and scalping knife in their remorseless hands! Why should such religious organizations hold anniversaries? Why did they ever hold them?

The *Express* girds at the anti-slavery cause, the Woman's Rights movement, the cause of Peace and of Anti-Capital Punishment, besides others. But dare the *Express* assume the responsibility of annihilating those sublime ideas as elements in the mighty work of redeeming and restoring our country to peace, through purity, justice and right? Had it the power, would it blot out all the lessons of the past ten years, and hurl us down again to the abominations of slavery, and to the teachings of a religion and priesthood that justified it, practiced it, promulgated it, among Indian wigwams as well as on the lordly plantations of the southern states? It may sneer then or scoff at the approaching anniversaries of the "Abolitionists" and of the "Woman's Rightsers," but they will be held. And of the latter, at least, there is need; and will be while such sentiments as head this article are preached, and believed too, by a vast majority of the American people.

Extermination, by cruel and constant oppression, is the doom already unmistakably pronounced on both the Indian and African races in this country. And all honest endeavor to save them through freedom and peace is become the very mockery of both the government and the popular religion of the land. Quarrels were fomented in Africa among rival chiefs, to supply with the prisoners they took in war, the unhallowed slave trade of christian brokers in human blood. And the same "sane and sensible Christians," now breed hate and hostility among the Indian tribes of the west, by cheating and getting them drunk and make them pretexts for the most frightful massacres and outrages that ever disgraced the annals of the human race.

And before these fire tempests of civilized and Christian breath, the red man and his whole

posteriority will soon be swept from the face of the earth! The slave and his race will follow swiftly, by the same inexorable fiat. So let the "Abolitionists," the "Woman's Rightsers" and the "Universal Peace Fanatics" still gather in New York at the appointed day, and hold their anniversaries, though it be but to utter their solemn protest against such bold defiance of the law of justice, of nature, and of nature's God.

P. P.

THE DEAF AND THE IDIOTS.

THE Darlington (S. C.) *Southerner* speaks of a young Miss Dunphy who has for more than a year been attempting to reclaim idiots from their unfortunate state of mental imbecility, and proved herself wonderfully successful. Her school on Randall's Island contains sixty-two children. Forty-two of these have been under the patient, gentle instruction of this lady for about twelve months, and a comparison of their present condition with that of those yet untaught shows that the labor spent has not been in vain. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* has a long and most intensely interesting account of the Clarke Institution for deaf mutes at Northampton. It makes a portion of the annual report of Secretary White, of the board of education, but is also printed separately, in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, two-thirds of which consists of the report of the principal, Miss H. B. Rogers. She gives an interesting account of each of her thirty-odd pupils, and inserts specimens of the composition of fourteen of them, to show what skill they have in using the English language. These letters and exercises are highly valuable, as serving to test the real merit of the articulating method followed at Northampton; and no teacher who will compare them with such exercises as the Hartford, New York and other good schools where the sign language is taught, can fail to see that Miss Rogers does give her pupils a very good use of written language, as well as the ability to speak and to understand the speech of others. Miss Rogers, in speaking of the rapid progress in articulation made by Miss Dudley, one of her first pupils at Northampton, and a congenital mute, gives the following reasons for it, which will interest all parents who have children similarly situated and desire to teach them articulation:

That Theresa Dudley had never learned to think in signs, nor to make them the chief medium of communication; that her parents had aroused her intellectual activity at the same early period of childhood at which hearing children are sent to school; that, though then not believers in the practicability of articulation by congenital mutes, they had purposely ignored signs, and had used, with her, through the manual alphabet, only the English language, in order that she might acquire a copious vocabulary and an English idiom; that, during her two and a half years' instruction by signs, her mother was constantly talking with her in alphabetic language out of school, so that when she began articulation, her knowledge of language and its proper use was far superior to that of other deaf mutes. In addition to all this, during Theresa's first year in our school, no pupil and no teacher could talk with her by signs, and thus necessity as well as inclination induced oral communication; and both in and out of school she was practicing articulation; whereas the pupils to whom the use of signs had become second nature, have been society for each other, and naturally out of school have used their old means of communication instead of articulation. Believing that all signs on the part of pupils, and all on the part of teachers, except those few and simple ones used by intelligent mothers and nurses to explain the meaning of new words or phrases (called by the president of our corporation, in the report of 1867, "natural signs"), are prejudicial to advance-

in articulation, whatever their intrinsic merits, we do all in our power to prevent their use here.

Thus patiently, perseveringly, but unobtrusively, is woman making herself a ministering angel of love and mercy to the most unfortunate of the human family. That she only should have charge of the idiotic as well as the infant, is already believed. That she can control the insane better than man, will yet be as clear. And the last prisoners (it may be far in the future, but the last) will also be cured by woman. The poor world does not yet know that crime is to be cured not punished, and so becomes *particeps criminis* in murder by murdering as a penalty. And other mistakes similar in kind, if not degree, it is always making, and will till better instructed.

P. P.

GARB OF SEX.—A Washington dispatch says:

Dr. Mary E. Walker, a seeker after notoriety, of the feminine gender, who wears a nondescript costume, has endeavored to secure an interview with President Grant, but it is said that he has declined to receive her unless she appears in the garb of her sex.

The Boston Commercial *Bulletin* wonders, and so do many others, "what is the garb of the sex?" Broadway presents many garbs, but to what sex, race, or nation most of them belong, none can truly tell. Not to the human race, it is to be hoped, many of them at any rate. The *Bulletin* wonders whether the garb is a silk trail sweeping a yard or more into the mire; boots with heels under the instep, deforming the ankles and giving the whole figure an awkward stoop forward; hair combed back from the face so as to expose the roots to the searching of the air, and head crowned by a ridiculous little ornament of the size of a tea-saucer, and backed by a great ball of false hair? The cool impudence with which beings thus attired pretend to rebuke or reprove "Dr. Mary Walker," or anybody else, who commits no greater offence than to walk the streets in cleanly, comely Bloomer costume, is the best argument which can be given in support either of total depravity, or total stolidity. And this is said without any wish to encourage the style of Dr. Walker, or any others

P. P.

If the one hundred and fifty women to be forthwith dismissed from the Treasury are unfit for such work as is still to be done there, the dismissal is right, and we trust Secretary Boutwell may be given grace and strength sufficient to keep his door shut against all comers who seek to importune him for their restoration. But is it true that these women can do the duties of male clerks still retained at higher salaries? If so, the retrenchment begins in the wrong quarter.—*Tribune*.

Mr. Greeley innocently asks a question, which any one could answer "yes." It does not need much strength or grace for politicians to shower their favors on those who hold ballots. Unless the women of the District get the right of Suffrage, we shall soon see their places filled by black men, at higher salaries, too. No doubt republican retrenchment begins in the wrong quarter.

SAUCE FOR GANDER AS WELL GOOSE.—Lucy Stone in a recent Female Suffrage address, gave the following as a provision of a will on probate in Boston: "I bequeath to my wife, Elizabeth, the \$50,000 which was hers before our marriage, as long as she remains a widow, and no longer." How would a will sound, said Lucy, that read thus: "I bequeath to my husband, John, the \$50,000 which was his before our marriage, so long as he remains a widower and no longer."

LILY SPENCER.

TRUTH UNVEILING FALSEHOOD.

WHY is it that the same day the Academy of Design is thrown open to the public, a poor woman artist exhibits in an obscure studio, at 609 Broadway, a painting in many points superior to anything in the Academy, about which neither the press nor leading artists concern themselves. Why was not this great allegorical picture, which has been the work of years, placed in the Academy of Design? Though I am not an art critic, I cannot believe that a picture that impressed me so deeply is not worthy a place there. Though it may not possess great merit in the eyes of artists, it cannot be beneath notice and criticism.

A correspondent of the *Times* thus speaks of the woman and her work :

Lily Spencer's new picture, called "Truth Unveiling Falsehood," is destined to create a sensation among lovers of art, and especially those who take pride and pleasure in the development of home talent. Mrs. Spencer (then Lily Martin), it will be remembered by your readers, began her career as an artist in Cincinnati, at the age of fifteen, and has achieved an enviable fame by her numerous character pictures, the engravings of some of which adorn the walls of rich and poor, from Bangor to California, and from the Lakes to the Belize. Her forte is in touching and spirited tableaux, with a spice of humor and pathos, sometimes broad, but always apt and never coarse. She married in Cincinnati and removed to New York some twenty-five years ago, and has pursued her loved art with an industry and pertinacity worthy of her great genius. Compelled by the necessities of a family, she has not heretofore been able to essay any great work. Her smaller efforts have always found ready sale to the engravers, some of whom have actually accumulated fortunes from the multiplication of her pictures, purchased for a hundred dollars or so.

For years absorbed in the ambition to paint something more commensurate with the grandeur of her ideal, she conceived the beautiful allegory which she has embodied in this picture, and thereby won for herself an honorable position among the first masters of the age. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Mansfield, who recognized her wonderful genius, introduced her, then a poor, struggling, friendless artist, to Mr. Longworth, the patron of artists in Cincinnati, par excellence. That gentleman was so delighted with her originality, enthusiasm and talent that he offered at once to send her to Europe to study (id est imitate) the old masters, on condition that for seven years she would attempt nothing original. Poor as she was, and with Europe, the elysium of artists seven years of careless leisure held out to her, the young artist said: "No, I cannot imitate; my pictures must be my own, if at all," and she struggled on and on, hoping and toiling, until at last she has achieved her cherished idea, and in a school of art peculiarly her own. The picture contains five life-sized figures.

In the centre stands Truth, a female draped in fleecy white, through whose transparent folds the form is visible. Light seems to emanate from it, not in rays so much as a soft, phosphorescent, luminous atmosphere, which brightens all around. The golden hair flows and floats gently over the shoulders and calm brow. The expression of the eyes is marvellous; they do not look at you, but you are conscious of a presence looking through you; calm but not cold, genial but without warmth, sympathetic without passion; neither love nor hate is predictable of the expression of the face; a quiet, dignified, earnest consciousness of power is apparent in the ensemble. The right arm is extended above the head of the Demon of Selfishness, and before the influence the mask of beauty and the robes of royalty are melting away, disclosing beneath the fierce eyes and hideous deformity of falsehood; at the feet of the demon Ignorance, in the form of a squalid, grizzly old woman, crouches on the earth, burying her head from the light in the folds of the falling robes.

The left hand of Truth rests on the shoulder of Confidence, represented by a young, beautiful mother, confidently resting her head against Truth. She bears Innocence on her lap, in the form of a babe, who, with one hand still toying with the breast, looks up surprised and pleased at the dazzling light of Truth. The figure of Selfishness also holds a dead infant to typify the destruction of Innocence, and it presents a vivid contrast to the beauty and vitality of the living child. On the

side of Selfishness and Ignorance, the vegetation appears blasted, while near Confidence and Innocence all is green and beautiful. The subject is one of the highest known to art, and the idea of the artist is pure and beautiful.

Two hours passed with Lily Spencer and her painting has been to me the most pleasant incident of the week.

To look alternately into her large thoughtful eyes, and the beautiful impersonation of Truth glowing on the canvass; to hear her denunciations of sham, hypocrisy and falsehood, and see all their hideous features concentrated in the demon of Selfishness unveiled before us, was such a realization of the originality, force and genius of the artist, that the picture seemed but the rounding out of each new thought she uttered.

Lily Spencer, the woman, is married, has eight children, has lived in narrow quarters and struggled with poverty all her days. Her hands, large and hard with constant toil, have performed all kinds of labor in doors and out. She is not a woman of culture, according to the schools, or polish of manner, and gives no thought or time to dress. The casual observer would see but few attractions, in form or feature, and, perhaps, pass her by without notice or interest.

Lily Spencer, the artist, is a pure, grand soul, lifted above all earthly sorrow and suffering by ever reaching out to the invisible; communing with great Nature; by seeking companionship, counsel and comfort only in mighty forests, majestic rivers and the eternal hills that in their solemn grandeur ever wait to bless all who worship in silence at their feet.

E. C. S.

WOMEN AS CLERKS.—That there are excellent women, the very best of women, in the departments at Washington employed as clerks is beyond all question. No Hannah Tyler statements can change that. At the same time, enough is known of members of Congress to make it easy to believe that they have, many of them, no such regard for womanly virtue as to be over-scrupulous that all employed or approved should be eminent for its possession. Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, the gifted correspondent of the N. Y. *Independent*, says: While there are women in the departments who do the whole work of men for half the wages, there are many more who receive equal pay and do nothing at all. She says they parade the streets, flirt in the halls, make tatting and crochets, and are paid for their performances out of the United States Treasury, while said Treasury is kept in funds by the taxation of hard-working people.

THE GALLows IN PENNSYLVANIA.—It is said the Pennsylvania Legislature has virtually abolished the gallows. It is time. Every state should honor itself by a similar deed of humane civilization. The time will come when the story of our public hangings will be told with shuddering horror. The state of Maine has sixteen persons deserving of death under her law, so the papers say, now in prison. Will they be hung? Never. Maine dare not hang them. Let those sixteen men be led out and executed, and not a life in that state would be safe an hour. Such a spectacle would so cheapen human life and deprave the reckless beings who are ever within one mile or one midnight of murder, that they would no more hesitate to kill a man for his clothes than a sheep for her wool. Life will never be safe nor sacred, while governments kill as a penalty for crime.

SENATOR SPRAGUE.—The Boston *Commonwealth* says:

The idle and the thoughtless have been amused at Senator Sprague's tirades against his associates, . . . but the more discreet have either taken no notice of his ebullitions or secretly mourned that he should thus completely lose the little influence which it might be supposed attached to his position.

Some of the thoughtful as well as the "thoughtless" and of the *hard-working* as well as the "idle" have listened to Senator Sprague's late speeches. His "associates" aforesaid, are not to sneer their force or truth away, as some attempt, nor slander him down as others think to do, by intimations that whiskey is the source of his inspiration.

WOMAN AS PHYSICIAN.—The New York Medical College for Women is scattering its jewels up and down the land. Miss Emily L. Manning, who graduated last year with distinguished honors, has settled in Hartford, Conn., under promising circumstances. She is a niece of Mrs. Dr. Lozier, of this city, the Dean of the college, a sketch of whose life and its remarkable achievements in the medical profession is contained in the Biographies of American Women. Young Miss Manning is a sister, too, of Dr. Anna Manning, already in large and successful practice in Norwich.

"UP BROADWAY."—Those of our readers who are specially interested in "Up Broadway" will like to know that "Eleanor Kirke" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Nellie Ames, whose graceful, vivacious sketches and stories, appearing in Frank Leslie's publications, are widely known and admired. She has begun a continued tale, "The Naughty Girl of the Family," in the *Boys and Girls Weekly*, which, with its sparkling, natural charm, will attract many readers of a larger growth than those for whom it was written.

WOMEN AS POSTMASTERS.—The President is appointing them in many places, but not nearly so many as he should. Some are called, too, to the paying offices which is better yet, and more remarkable. Richmond, Va., Leavenworth, Kan., Reading and Easton, Pa., and Brockport, in this state, are among the last. It is said the new Postmaster at Richmond shows enterprise. She has placed two ladies in charge of the ladies' delivery, established street letter boxes, increased the facilities for registration, and introduced other improvements.

A TOUCH OF NEW ORLEANS.—General Butler has transferred some of his New Orleans justice to Washington. A correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* says: A short time since, as Gen. Butler was riding in the Pennsylvania ave. cars, a lady who was leaving the car remarked, as she passed him, "Look out for your spoons." The General promptly followed her, and ascertained that she was employed in the Treasury. She has now obtained a permanent leave of absence, and the General has had her place filled by a colored woman.

WOMAN IN HUNGARY.—The Alps answer to the Alleghanies. Revolution is everywhere the order of the day. The ladies of Hungary have asked Parliament to authorize the Queen of Hungary (the Empress Elizabeth of Austria) to appoint twenty female members of the Hungarian House of Magnates.

"TRUTH UNVEILING FALSEHOOD."

This is the subject of a picture painted by, and now on exhibition at the studio of, Mrs. Lily M. Spencer, 609 Broadway.

This artist, after an up-hill way against many difficulties, has achieved a success in her art seldom attained by any, even those far more favorably circumstanced. Of Mrs. Spencer's many other works deserving praise, we have not space to allude to any at present. The picture whose title forms the heading of this notice is her latest work of importance, and the most artistic creation she has yet undertaken. Like most of her pictures, it is allegorical.

TRUTH, the central figure, stands majestic, as Truth ever should, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but straightforward. The entire conception of this figure is grand. Were one attempting to portray a Christ unbowed, unsaddened by the sins of a world, he could hardly find a better expression of the idea than this. Sitting at the left of Truth, leaning upon her with trusting faith, is CONFIDENCE, who sleeps while her babe, Innocence, looks joyfully, fearlessly up into Truth's face, holding out his hands to her. On the right is FALSEHOOD, clothed in scarlet and ermine, and crowned with power. A misty veil envelopes her, through which a face of beautiful, hypocritical, cunning is dimly seen. In her arms she holds a babe, wan and white in the lividity of death, which has been entrusted to her care by Superstition or Ignorance who grovels at her feet. The abject prostration of this figure, pressed down into poverty and misery by the very power the veiled demon holds over her, the determined turning away of her face and covering of her eyes from the light shed by Truth upon Falsehood, and which, if she would only look, she would see drawing away the mask that hides her hideousness, is wonderfully typical of the state of millions who, to-day, are afraid of the light of truth, of reform, and prefer clinging to the skirts of imposture.

Looking well at Falsehood, you see under the light of Truth's outstretched hand, the film of hypocrisy, the mask of cunning melting away, and the hideous features of diabolic greed portrayed. The slender hands become hateful talons tearing into the vitals of the little one confided to its care by the blind, wilfully blind Superstition.

It is a grand picture and deserves to win for its author fame and a place among the foremost of our American artists.

THE WAY TO PEACE.—The Evening Post says there is a sad want of peace between the two Republican organizations of this city, each calling itself the "General Committee" of the party; that an effort is now making to bring about this peace by a bargain for a "fair division" of the offices of the Custom House between them. That is one way to peace, but what wisdom or what arithmetic could make that "fair division" among the million Cormorants who are clamoring for the spoils?

WAR PROSPECT.—The Washington advises smell of Gunpowder. An extra Session of Congress is seriously talked of on, or before, the fourth of July. Pacific Coast members of Congress are not hurrying homeward as usual at the close of the Session. Cuba, Canada, and Alabama claims, are believed to be assuming new and more serious importance.

GOLD PEN TO GEN. GRANT.—Messrs. Mabie, Todd & Co., of this city, have presented to the President one of their peerless gold pens, which somebody describes in the New York Times thus glowingly:

It presents a beautiful allegory of the march of civilization, of marvelous workmanship, engraved on a spiral tablet, commencing at the base of the barrel and winding upward to the nib. The first scene represents the resumption of the arts of peace at the close of the barbarous war. Dismantled cannon, artillery wheels broken-sabers and muskets lying in the workshops; men beating swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks; the lathe and anvil are busy, and the farm carts are mounted on the cannon wheels. As we turn the pen, the woodman is leveling the forest, fences spring up and the pioneer's cabin is nestling at the verge of the clearing; men are mowing, plowing, harvesting; wagons are loaded with grain, the cabin assumes the dignity of the farmhouse, the village appears with its stores, school-houses and churches; the city marks the march of advancing prosperity, with its vast storehouses, manufactories, tall spires and majestic domes; civilization asserts supremacy, and sea and land contribute to its power; ships and steamers fill the harbors; railroads, telegraphs and canals are seen in all directions. Above all is a fine view of the Capitol at Washington, over which is seen the rising sun, in whose rays is visible the memorable motto, "Let us have Peace." Surmounting the whole in a graceful scroll appears, "ULYSSES S. GRANT, President of the United States, March 4, 1869."

WOMAN A STATE LIBRARIAN.—Mrs. Harriet Tenney, wife of Hon. J. E. Tenney, has been appointed Librarian of the State Library of Michigan. The Lansing Republican thus speaks of her:

Mrs. Tenney has superior qualifications for the position. She is a lady of refinement and culture, has been familiar with the duties of the office during the absence or sickness of Mr. Tenney, for many years, and the nomination is a noble compliment to the women of the state, and will be everywhere hailed with delight.

THE NEW SPANISH CONSTITUTION.—It is vaccinated with the elements of death in its twentieth article. Thus history as well as reason and common sense are thrown away upon large portions of the human race, individually and nationally. This is the article:

ART. 20. The nation obliges itself to maintain the worship and the ministers of the Catholic religion.

THE NIMRODS.—Only the father was known in history as a hunter. His daughters have appeared at last. The Chicago Tribune says, a few days ago, two ladies of Mansfield, Webster County, were observed, in full bloomer costume, returning from a hunting excursion, each sporting a double-barreled shot gun, borne *en militaire* carrying numerous snipe, woodcock and tomtits, the fruit of the day's campaign.

We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, headed "Friends of Progress." Board and Hygienic treatment for the sick at reasonable rates.

WOMAN AS INVENTOR.—Miss Dewey of New Albany, Indiana, has invented a quilting attachment to a sewing machine. The Cleveland Leader adds hers to the roll of those who are a standing refutation of the slander that there are no women's names in the Patent Office reports.

THE Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. graduated fifteen *puellæ probæ* to increase the consultation practice of mature masculine.

LECTURE IN THE STATE CAPITAL.—Mrs. Rachel Martin delivered a lecture in the Assembly Chamber at Albany last Saturday evening.

THE BENEDICT TIME WATCH

THE enterprising firm of Benedict Brothers have now ready at their "up-town" establishment, 691 Broadway, an extensive and elegant assortment of Gold and Silver Watches for the Fall trade of 1868, to which they invite the attention of the readers of "THE REVOLUTION" and all others who desire a perfect TIME-KEEPER. Their stock comprises the various grades of the American Waltham and the choicest imported watches. They have also, in addition, a fine quality of watch which they have named the "Benedict Time Watch," they having the supervision of the manufacture of the movements, which are of nickel, which has proved to be a metal more durable than brass or other compound metals, and less liable to contraction or expansion by the fluctuating character of the temperature of this climate. This movement gives greater accuracy and requires less repairs than the others. Their stock of American Watches is unrivaled. All the various grades may be found at their counters at the lowest prices, regulated and in every respect warranted. The Messrs. Benedict Brothers have secured their reputation and extensive patronage by a strictly honorable course in conducting their business, selling the best of goods at fair prices. We feel safe in commanding this establishment to the consideration of our readers, and would say to all, if you want a good, reliable Watch, go to Benedict Brothers, up town, 691 Broadway.

LITERARY.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY. J. L. Peters, 198 Broadway, New York. Three dollars per annum; thirty cents single copy. The April number is particularly interesting both in reading matter, songs and music.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. An octavo volume of 358 pages. Price \$5. New York: Geo. P. Rowell & Co., publishers and newspaper agents, 40 Park Row, New York. This book must have cost immense labor and great expense of money, too, in its production. It is highly commended by the press, and deserves to be. New York has her *Notions* as well as Boston, and this is one. Copies might well be in every merchant's counting room, every lawyer's office, every editor's sanctum, and on the table of every one interested in the literature of our country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and **HARPER'S BAZAR** need no recommendation. They are too well known, and where known, too highly appreciated and approved to need commendation. The *Bazar* is a model of good taste and regard for human needs and human progress, too, which all the fashion magazines in the country would do well to imitate. Address Harper & Brothers, New York. Four dollars a year each.

ONCE A MONTH—ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. All by T. S. Arthur & Sons, 809 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. These are all interesting and valuable of their kind. They are none of them quite up to the moral *wants* of the period, but quite on a level with its *wishes*. It is unfortunate when literature, like the pedler's razors, is only to sell. The pedler shaved the buyer, but the razors wouldn't. The *Children's Hour* has pretty pictures and pretty stories, some songs and music. The terms are: *Arthur's Home Magazine*—\$2 a year in advance. \$5 for three years in advance. Three copies one year, \$5. *Once a Month*—\$2 a year in advance. \$5 for three years in advance. *The Children's Hour*—\$1.25 a year in advance. \$3 for three years in advance. Five copies, one year, \$5. Ten copies, and one to getter-up of clubs, \$10. All three of these magazines will be sent one year for \$4.

TRUE CIVILIZATION. Designed to show that what is now called society, or civilization, has been formed from the beginning on a wrong model—on the model of communism, clanship, combination, and has therefore ignorantly made continuous war on individuality; which is the great, supreme, divine, unconquerable law of order, peace and improvement. By Josiah Warren, Cliftondale, Mass. Single copy 50 cents—postage paid.

THE EGO AS A SELF-REGULATIVE. By Philo Mattheus. This is a metaphysical essay of ten pages, followed by an Explanatory Address to the reader of twelve more; by whom published or where obtainable is darker than the subject of the book, for nothing is revealed about it. The Essay is not without value, for it is the result of thought and research. Here is one brick from the building:

"In one aspect, both eternity and space may be regarded as mere negations. In the absence and disap-

pearance of all actuality and potentiality, time would necessarily vanish, as it is only the offshoot of motion; and space, being everywhere, has its esse only in contradistinction to concrete or indeterminate existences, and thus we appreciate in its fullness the system of Boehme, which affirms that if there were no existences, space would be nothing. A negative or denying energy is required in order that the positive or affirmative may be made manifest; there must be a nay to every yea, and the yea, which exists through a nay, becomes itself a nay in the absence of a nay. The denial of Deity, as a necessary consequence, involves the alternative affirmations of materialism and necessity.

MANUAL OF GENERAL HISTORY. Being an outline of the history of the world from the creation to the present time. Fully illustrated with maps for the use of academies, high schools and families. By John J. Anderson, A.M. New York: Clark & Maynard, 5 Barclay street. In 400 duodecimo pages, preceptor Anderson has packed as much useful and truly valuable history as can be found in any other work of twice that limit. Persia, Greece and Macedonia are disposed of in a little more than thirty pages, with several ancient maps. Rome gets a hearing on some seventy pages, Medieval History then runs through a hundred more, and Modern History, beginning in the fifteenth century, completes the book. As a teacher, the author doubtless felt the need of a text book like this, or unlike most of those before used; and, though it is but a school book, families as well as pupils at school will find it an improvement on any work of the kind which has preceded it.

STUDIOUS WOMEN. From the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Translated by Mrs. R. M. Phillimore. Boston: Published by Patrick Donahoe. Here is truly one of the pleasantest and best little books on the subject of woman's education, her whole education, as far as it goes, that has yet appeared. It does not contemplate woman as a citizen, a voter, a law maker and ruler, as THE REVOLUTION would be glad to have it, but only herein does it fall short. The learned author does not directly combat the strange views of M. de Maistre in his Letters to his Daughters, but the letters will possess small value wherever our author's "Studious Women" is read. De Maistre says, "the great fault of woman is to be like a man, and to wish to be learned is to wish to be like a man." It is allowable, he adds, "in a woman to know that Pekin is not in Europe and that Alexander the Great did not ask for the hand of the niece of Louis the Fourteenth" but not much beyond that would he have woman advance. In spite of him, however, it is said, his daughters became proficient in Greek, Latin and German, and greatly aided their father in his studies in all these languages, as well as in his other literary labors and pursuits.

The demand of Bishop Dupanloup for woman is quite another thing, as witness the following from his book, page 19-20:

"In most of the books which treat of the merit, the destiny, and the virtue of woman, she is far from being considered in the light of *an intelligent and free being, who is created in the image of GOD, AND WHO IS RESPONSIBLE TO HER MAKER FOR ALL HER ACTIONS*; she is converted into the property of man, made only for him, *who is her aim and end*. In all these books, woman is only a fascinating creature to be adored, and not to be respected, and, in fact, an inferior being, whose existence has no other aim but the pleasure of man, or to be of use to him, in the most frivolous manner, depending, in the first place, on man, who alone is her master, her legislator, and her judge; considering her absolutely as if she has neither soul, nor conscience nor moral liberty, as if God has nothing for her, and had not given her soul, wants, faculties, aspirations, in one word, rights as well as duties."

The capitals and italics are the Bishop's own. And around these few sentences he has woven a thought-fabric of truth, and of beauty, too, worthy the possession, the study and the admiration of all who seek the elevation and improvement, moral and spiritual, as well as intellectual, of "the mothers of the human race."

THE CURSE OF GOLD. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "Mabel's Mistake," "The Rejected Wife," "Doubly False," "Soldier's Orphans," "The Gold Brick," "The Old Homestead," "The Wife's Secret," "Silent Struggles," "Mary Derwent," "The Heiress," etc., etc. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A monthly magazine of general literature and science. New Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau street, \$5 a year in advance. The

May number of this very able organ and exponent of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church opens with an article on "The Woman Question," of which more extended notice will be given next week. Other important articles are "Two Months in Spain during the Revolution," and "Pope and People."

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. III.—NO. 16.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND, A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor, and keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Father Land.*

MONEY AND CURRENCY.

Editors of the Revolution:

ALTHOUGH there has been constant discussion as to what we mean by the term money, the question does not appear to be settled, and I desire to offer to your readers a solution which seems to me nearer the truth than the views generally accepted, hoping that we may at last reach solid ground, and be able to understand where we are.

It is assumed by many writers that any substance can be used as money, provided it has the sanction of legislation, and that paper is preferable to gold and silver for this purpose, because cheaper. It is said, among other things, that certain properties can be imparted by legislation, and this seems to be the error which lies at the source of most that is written in regard to this question.

Legislation cannot impart value, any more than it can create a world, though it can affix names or titles, and unfortunately does also possess the power to compel those who hold the obligations of debtors to take one-half the real value originally agreed to be paid.

But this does not create, or change values; it simply changes the prices of all things which are purchased by the debased coinage, the prices rising just in proportion to the diminished value of the coinage, as determined by public estimation.

A piece of gold without the government stamp or coinage, will, when its weight and fineness are ascertained, purchase and pay as much as the coin itself, because the exchangeable value depends upon the estimation in which the world holds the gold as such, rather than upon the fact that it bears a certain name, or mark.

The name certifies as to the fineness and quantity, and thus enables us to determine readily what the commercial value is, without waiting for the use of scales and chemical tests,

But, calling a thing a dollar which has only the value of a half dollar in it, will never give it the purchasing power that the whole dollar possesses.

It then becomes currency, like paper, and its purchasing power is limited to the country where it is put forth; and the amount of this power is determined even there, by the public estimation of the faith and ability of the party promising the convertibility of the coin, or currency into that which has an universal valuation, like gold and silver.

To prove this, let us suppose that our government should be entangled in a war with England, and should resort to an additional issue of legal tenders, bearing no interest, and not convertible or payable at a specific date, as all debts, or loans should be, by some well-known, valuable standard.

It would be found that the prices of all products of labor would be increased, just as they were by the first issue, and that this increase would constantly go on, unless the paper should be brought up to the valuable standard by payment or conversion.

It is equally certain, that if Congress had provided for funding the legal tenders in long bonds at a fair rate, payable in specie or its equivalent, their value or purchasing power would have been instantly increased, the prices of property to that extent diminished, and the paying power of debtors destroyed, or at any rate reduced from 131 to 100; supposing, of course, the legal tenders were raised as they would be, to their full price in gold.

Either of these suppositions shows conclusively, that gold and silver have a value as standards, not dependent upon our legislation, but upon the fact that they cost labor, and are serviceable in various ways to such an extent that they are generally current among all nations, savage as well as civilized.

Other nations do not ask about our laws, or our customs, but what is the weight and fineness, and therefore the exchangeable value of the coins we offer for their commodities.

They will take our paper in exchange, provided they are assured that it will be redeemed when presented for that purpose, in specie funds or their equivalent, but not otherwise. And we instinctively, though it may be unconsciously, follow the same rule, and we do well.

Let us learn that nothing can be money, except that which has a well-known, and considerably uniform relation to labor, by which its own cost is measured, and that all things such as bank notes, checks, drafts and bills of exchange are but currency; being the titles to, and representatives of, our commodities, which they enable us to exchange, as the cars serve us for transportation.

They are all equally instruments, while gold and silver, though they may be used as instruments, or representatives, are themselves commodities produced by labor, having actual, intrinsic cost and value, not by aid of legislation, but by common consent, and in spite of legislation, here, or elsewhere.

D. W.

Boston, April 16, 1869.

THE MONEY MARKET

has recovered from the recent stringency, and at the close of Saturday 7 per cent. currency was paid, and large unemployed balances were carried over. The weekly bank statement is favorable to a continuance of ease in money.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

April 10.	April 17.	Differences.
Loans, \$257,480,227	\$255,184,882	Dec. \$2,295,345
Specie, 8,794,543	7,811,779	Dec. 982,764
Circulation, 34,609,360	34,436,769	Dec. 172,591
Deposits, 171,495,580	172,203,494	Inc. 707,914
Legal-tenders, 48,644,732	51,001,238	Inc. 2,356,556

THE GOLD MARKET

continues firm and active.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, Apr 12, 133 1/2	133 1/2	132 1/2	133 1/2
Tuesday, 13,	132 1/2	132 1/2	132 1/2
Wednesday, 14,	132 1/2	133 1/2	132 1/2
Thursday, 15,	132 1/2	132 1/2	132 1/2
Friday, 16,	132 1/2	133 1/2	133 1/2
Saturday, 17,	133 1/2	133	133 1/2

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

at the close of the week was firmer and with a tendency upwards. Prime bankers 60 days sterling bills were quoted 108 to 108 1/2, and 108 1/2 to 108 1/4 for sight.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

was active and excited, with a general advance in prices in most of the leading stocks at the close of Saturday.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, 29 to 32; W., F. & Co. Ex., 31 1/2 to 32; American, 39 1/2 to 40; Adams, 60 to 60 1/2; United States, 60 to 60 1/2; Mert's. Union, 15 1/2 to 16; Quicksilver, 22 1/2 to 22 1/2; Canon, 61 1/2 to 63; Pacific Mail, 94 1/2 to 94 1/2; W. U. Telegraph, 41 1/2 to 42; N. Y. Central, 166 1/2 to 166 1/2; Erie, 33 1/2 to 34; Hudson River, 147 1/2 to 148; Reading, 95 1/2 to 94 1/2; Toledo, Wabash & W., 73 to 73 1/2; Tol., Wabash & W. preferred, 79 to 80; Mil. & St. Paul, 79 1/2 to 79 1/2; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 86 1/2 to 87; Fort Wayne, 132 1/2 to 133; Ohio & Miss., 34 to 34 1/2; Mich. Central, 122 1/2 to 122 1/2; Mich. Southern, 99 1/2 to 99 1/2; Illinois Central, 142 to 145; Cleve. & Pitts., 93 1/2 to 93 1/2; Cleve. & Toledo, 99 to 99 1/2; Rock Island, 138 1/2 to 138 1/2; North Western, 84 to 84 1/2; North Western pref., 96 1/2 to 96 1/2; Mariposa, 22 to 22 1/2; Mariposa preferred, 40 1/2 to 40 1/2.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were active and advanced.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 104 1/2 to 104 1/2; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 117 to 117 1/2; United States sixes, coupon, 117 1/2 to 117 1/2; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1862, 120 1/2 to 121; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1864, 116 1/2 to 116 1/2; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1865, 118 to 118 1/2; United States five-twentieths, coupon, new, 1865, 115 1/2 to 115 1/2; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1867, 115 1/2 to 115 1/2; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1868, 115 1/2 to 115 1/2; United States ten-forties, registered, 105 1/2 to 105 1/2; United States ten-forties, coupon, 106 1/2 to 106 1/2.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

or the week were \$2,450,028 in gold against \$2,730,795 \$2,743,222 and \$2,603,929 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were \$7,558,167 in gold against \$7,982,823, \$7,682,492, and \$7,802,546 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were \$3,617,338 in currency against \$3,878,954, \$3,085,396, and \$2,240,120 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were \$68,575 against \$326,350, \$555,585, and \$1,357,124 for the preceding weeks.

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9-71

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